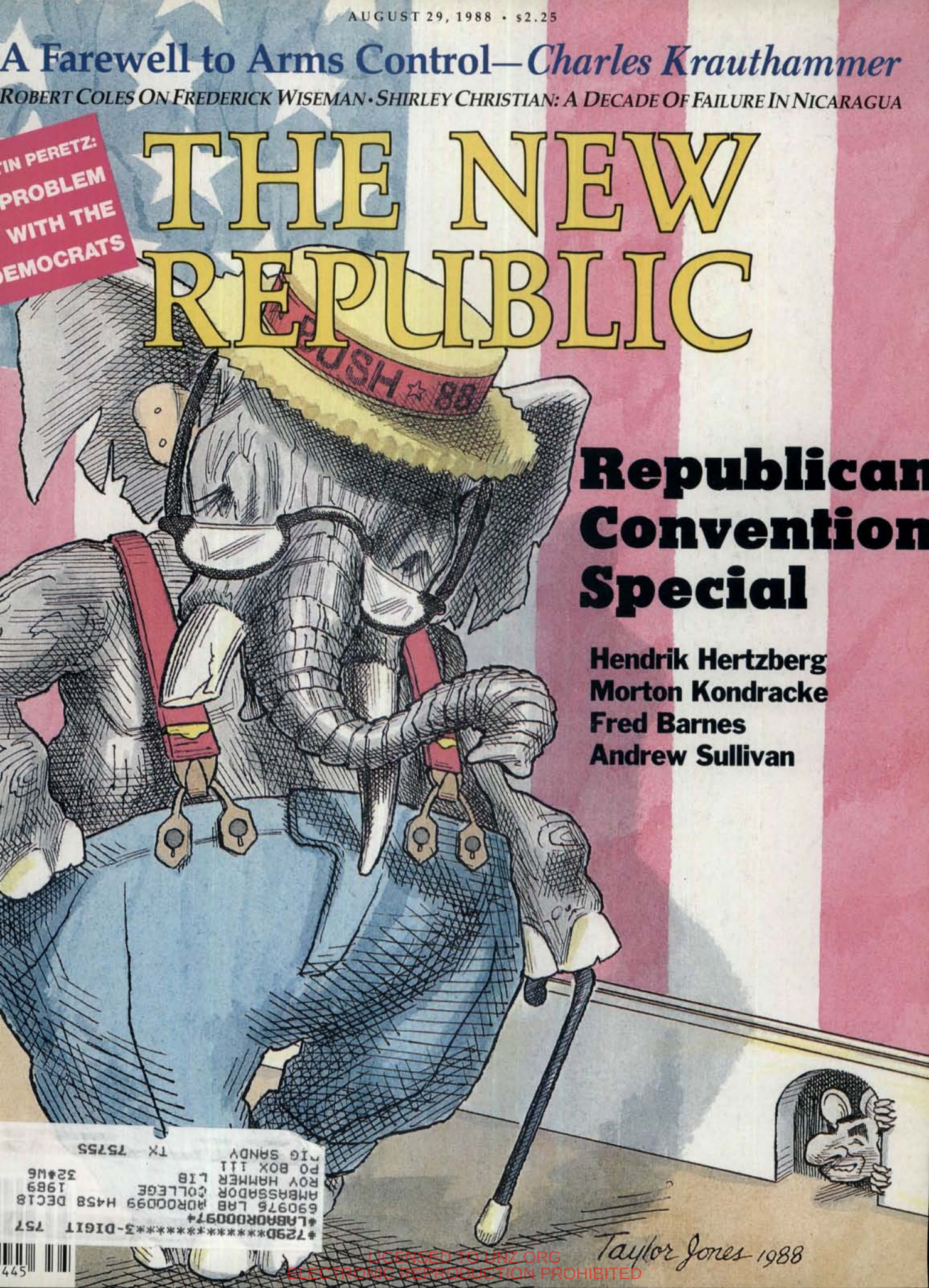
AUGUST 29, 1988 • $2.25

A Farewell to Arms Control—*Charles Krauthammer*

ROBERT COLES ON FREDERICK WISEMAN • SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN: A DECADE OF FAILURE IN NICARAGUA

IN PERETZ:
PROBLEM
WITH THE
EMOCRATS

THE NEW REPUBLIC



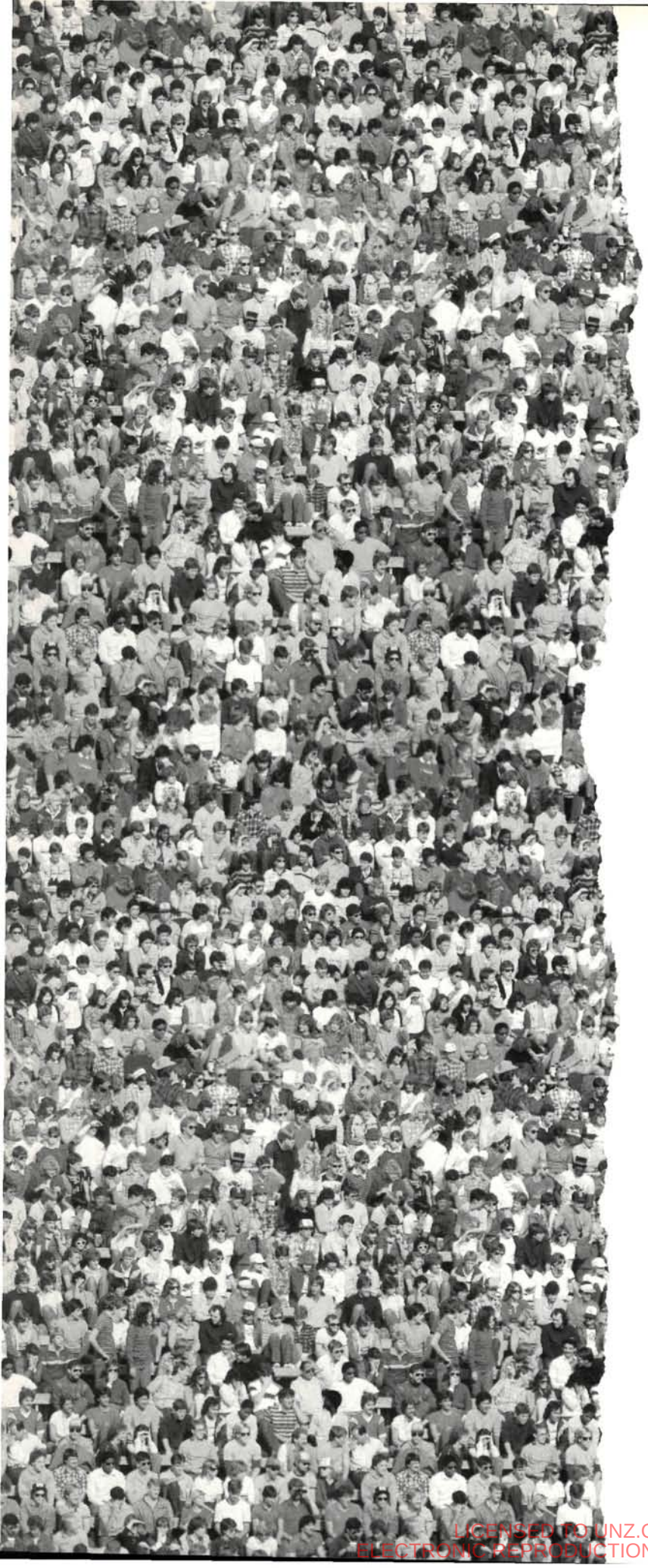
Republican Convention Special

Hendrik Hertzberg
Morton Kondracke
Fred Barnes
Andrew Sullivan

*T29D*********3-DIGIT 757
LABROR0009?
690975 LAB MOROOD99 H458 DEC18
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE 1989
ROY HAMMER LIB 32*W6
PO BOX 111
PIG SANDY TX 75755

445

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A GOVERNMENT OF HALF THE PEOPLE, BY HALF THE PEOPLE, AND FOR HALF THE PEOPLE.

The quote isn't accurate. But the numbers are.

In the last Presidential election, only 53% of those eligible actually voted.

The problem is worst among the youngest voters, the 18-to-24-year-old group. Less than half of them even register. Only 17% actually voted in 1986

This shocking statistic prompted us to make a commitment to the Vote America Project.

Together, we are providing teaching materials to 25,000 high schools. And personal registration and voting booklet to over a half-million voting-age students. Our goal: to register every on of them. And to urge them all to become informed voters.

We're running a national TV campaig to encourage older voters, too.

Because when a government is *of* half the people and *by* half the people, sooner or later the worst thing happens It becomes *for* half the people.

And no American would vote for that

GENERAL DYNAMICS

A Strong Company For A Strong Country

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
AUG 24 1988

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,841

WASHINGTON, D.C. — AUGUST 29, 1988

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT,
MORTON M. KONDRACKE, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER,
ROBERT WRIGHT
Associate Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN
New Republic Books Editor
(Basic Books)
BILL NEWLIN

1988 Politics
HENDRIK HERTZBERG
Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER
Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Music
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN
Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD
Art
MARK STEVENS
Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,
JAMES K. GLASSMAN, VINT LAWRENCE,
LOUIS MENAND, ROBERT B. REICH,
MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL,
RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW,
ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY
Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE
Assistant Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH
Production Associate
ELDON S. SARTE
Literary Assistant
SARA MOSLE
Reporter-Researchers
SARAH BURGESS, NOAM COHEN, TOWNSEND DAVIS,
WENDY KOHN, DAVID KURAPKA

President and Publisher
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Associate Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Circulation Director
TOM HICKS
Controller
JEAN GANDY
Advertising Manager
JENNIFER BARRETT
Circulation Manager
PATTY JONES
Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER
Circulation Assistant
KRISTIN CONRADI
Advertising Assistant
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO
Accounting Assistant
ANJU C. KHOT
Back Issues and Reception
MAXINE OAKLEY
Corporate Marketing
GUY STODDARD
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... OLLIE'S ALLIES
The ACLU rises to the defense of Oliver North.

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... Of vice and men, farmers' plight, &c.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... TRADING PLACES
The Republicans in 1988 are where the Democrats were in 1980: dazed and confused.
BUSH-LEAGUE JOURNALISM
The Dukakis health-smear and right-wing "news."
NOTEBOOK

8 **CHARLES PAUL FREUND** ..... THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST
From Ron to rap.

10 **STEVEN L. BURG** ..... ETHNIC REFUSENIKS
The Soviet Union discovers racial hatred.

14 **ANDREW SULLIVAN** ..... HE'S WRONG!
The prophecies of Richard Nixon.

15 **FRED BARNES** ..... CAMPAIGN '88: CHEAP SHOTS
Where did all the issues go?

17 **HENDRIK HERTZBERG** ..... CAMPAIGN '88: HATE WEEK
With Dukakis ahead and a reporter-delegate ratio of more than 4-to-1, New Orleans could be fun.

19 **MORTON M. KONDRACKE** ..... HANGING IN THERE
Why I'm not—yet—a Republican.

22 **MARTIN PERETZ** ..... A (DISSIDENT) DEMOCRAT'S LAMENT
The phony unity of the Atlanta convention.

26 **CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER** ..... THE END OF ARMS CONTROL
It's time to give up an illusion.

35 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: FAST AND OFTEN FUNNY
Good timing in *A Fish Called Wanda*; *Midnight Run*.

36 **HERBERT MUSCHAMP** ..... ON ARCHITECTURE: THE LEANING TOWER OF THEORY
MOMA makes an abstract muddle of "Deconstructivist Architecture."

40 **ALFRED KAZIN** ..... PORTRAIT OF A LADY
The Letters of Edith Wharton

44 **SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN** ..... DECADE OF DISASTERS
Condemned to Repetition: The United States and Nicaragua by Robert A. Pastor
Banana Diplomacy by Roy Gutman

46 **KATHA POLLITT** ..... POEM *Walking In The Mist*

52 **STEVEN KELMAN** ..... THE LASH OF THE COMPUTER
In the Age of the Smart Machine by Shoshana Zuboff
The Electronic Sweatshop by Barbara Garson

56 **MICHAEL GORRA** ..... ITALIAN INTRIGUE
Summer's Lease by John Mortimer

58 **ROBERT COLES** ..... SENSES AND SENSIBILITY
Frederick Wiseman films the deaf and blind.

62 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... HOW TO BE PLUMP

COVER by Taylor Jones for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles on pages 7, 14, 15, 17, 19, and 22.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 199, Number 9, Issue 3,841, August 29, 1988. (Printed in the U.S. on August 10, 1988.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 4 & 11, July 18 & 25, Aug. 8 & 15, and Sept. 12 & 19, 1988) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $56; foreign, $81; Canada, $70. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling). ©1988 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322.** For subscription problems call **800-525-0643.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

OLLIE'S ALLIES

Michael Dukakis, notes George Bush with disdain, is "a card-carrying member of the ACLU." And what is wrong with that? Campaigning in Texas, Bush explained that the American Civil Liberties Union is "pretty far out in left field" and does not reflect "Texas values." Campaigning in Kentucky, he declared that the ACLU "is not exactly in the mainstream of Kentucky politics" because it is composed of "liberals" who create legal loopholes to benefit criminals. "For too many years, we've been held hostage by well-meaning and misguided politicians and judges who get their legal views from the ACLU," Bush said.

I wonder if Bush would apply this analysis to the ACLU's latest cause: Oliver North. The Civil Liberties Union has filed a brief with the federal appeals court in Washington arguing that the criminal charges against North and his Iran-*contra* colleagues should be dropped. The brief says that North's Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination was hopelessly compromised when he was forced to testify against his will in congressional hearings a year ago. Bush has been eager to wrap himself in North's popularity, when convenient. Is this one of the loopholes, and is Ollie one of the criminals, Bush is referring to?

In order to prevent North, John Poindexter, and Albert Hakim from asserting their Fifth Amendment rights and refusing to testify at last year's hearings, Congress gave them what is called "use immunity." That means that nothing they said in the hearing could be used against them in any future prosecution. The alternative is called "transactional immunity," meaning that you can't be prosecuted at all for any crime you testify about.

Use immunity in federal prosecutions was an innovation of the wonderfully named "Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968." That act, a conservative response to the turmoil of the 1960s, was supposed to correct a grab bag of exactly the sort of liberal excesses Bush complains of. Use immunity was intended as a way to get a criminal's testimony against his colleagues without having to let him go free. In short, it was designed to prevent guilty criminals from getting off on Bill of Rights technicalities. It was upheld as constitutional by the Supreme Court in 1972.

Iran-*contra* special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh and his staff have gone to enormous lengths to assure that their prosecution does not use any "immunized" testimony, or any evidence derived from immunized testimony. They put "under seal" all the evidence they had accumulated before North et al. testified, to prove it's not tainted. They kept detailed records of how they acquired each new piece of evidence. During the testimony itself they stopped reading the newspapers and watching TV.

North's lawyers and the ACLU argue that in a case so widely publicized that it has become "part of American folklore," such steps are insufficient. Despite their best efforts, prosecutors can't possibly have avoided exposure to what North and the others said, and can't possibly prove that this didn't affect any decision they made in the case. Nor can they prove that witnesses and jurors weren't affected by what they saw and read last summer. In short, there's no way North can have the same trial as if he'd never testified, and therefore he shouldn't be tried.

Walsh argues in response that what prosecutors, witnesses, and jurors may incidentally have learned is irrelevant. What matters is what they use at trial. In all criminal cases, witnesses are sworn to testify only from personal knowledge, and this one's no different. As for jurors (although Walsh didn't put it this way), there's never a shortage in America of people amazingly ignorant of the most important public affairs.

Walsh also contends that much of North's testimony isn't protected anyway since it was "volunteered," not compelled by congressional questioning. Anyone who remembers Ollie's extended sermonettes can only chuckle at his lawyers' response that the defendants' lengthy remarks were only intended "to

continued on page 60

Paul Volcker hails Murray Weidenbaum's new book as

"One with that rarest of qualities: wise in economics and in the ways of Washington."

"Offers an agenda for national policy in the post-Reagan years. It will be read with profit and pleasure by public officials, fellow scholars, and intelligent and thoughtful citizens generally." —*PAUL W. McCRACKEN, The University of Michigan*

"A wide-ranging menu of problems and solutions for the post-Reagan era that should be evaluated by the next administration and debated and read widely." —*HENRY KAUFMAN*

Peter Zimmerman

RENDEZVOUS WITH REALITY

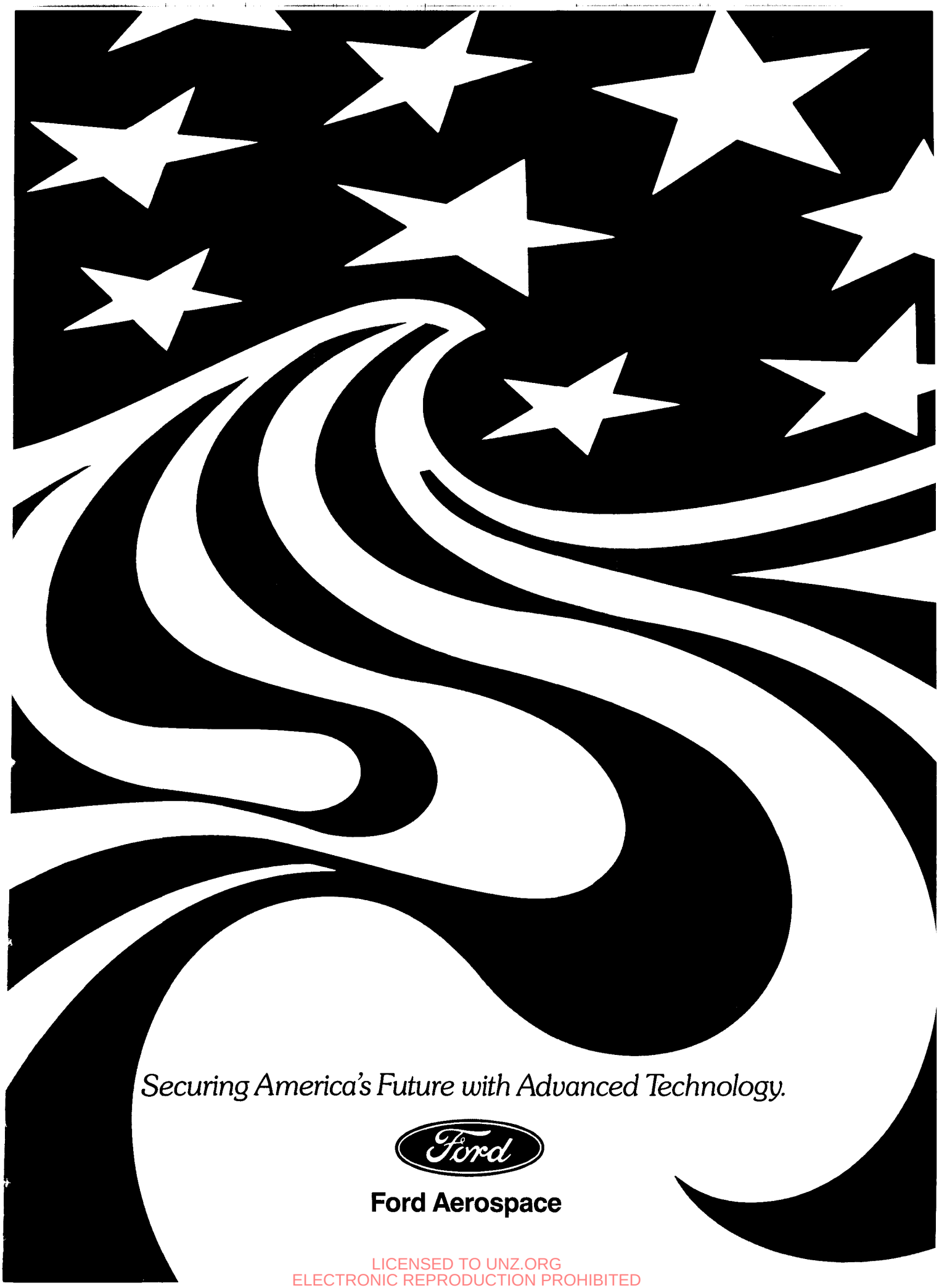
The American Economy After Reagan

MURRAY WEIDENBAUM

$19.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publishers. Toll-free (800) 638-3030. Major credit cards accepted.

BASIC BOOKS **BASIC BOOKS, INC.**
10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

BEASTS AND BURDENS

To the editors:

I am both amused and repelled by the patronizing tone Robert Wright takes toward Ethel Spector Person, whose book he was ostensibly reviewing ("Why Men Are Still Beasts," July 11). He says that she "can't, as a woman, be expected to understand" a particular male attitude. Yet he does not seem to recognize that perhaps the concepts of hers that he so scathingly rejects are those that he can't, as a man, "be expected to understand." Wright takes her to task in as nasty a skirmish as such miniature battles of the sexes are likely to become. In doing so, he seems to vindicate unthinkingly a few theories of Person's. He may not be particularly interested in why he cannot disagree with her without being contemptuous, but his attitude is an excellent example of why women seek explanations of differences beyond the biological.

HOLLY HENDERSON
Honolulu, Hawaii

To the editors:

If Robert Wright and the Darwinians are correct, men won't change their spots and women can't alter theirs. This suggests, given a male-defined morality, that for women to become truly equal and independent, they must be prepared to live, economically at least, without men. Therefore, perhaps the single most important affirmative goal of the feminist movement should now be comprehensive child care. Then men can go do their thing, and we'll continue to nurture the species. As well as take care of ourselves.

TRACEY ANN MARTIN
Livonia, Michigan

To the editors:

True, females must search for males who are "good providers," but only as long as they feel incapable of raising their offspring themselves. The harsh environment apparently forced the earliest humans into a pattern of monogamy. But there is no guarantee this pattern will hold. The rising economic independence of women—in addition to government subsidies of single parenthood through the welfare system—makes "female-headed households" a conceivable alternative for women. So women are by no means helpless in the face of male promiscuity. When confronted with male philandering, whether genetically driven or not, they may withdraw from the marital contract and return to the earlier—but also genetically viable—mammalian pattern of "single parenthood." Thus the "beastial male" is not alone in his primitive urges. Females have their options as well.

WILLIAM TUCKER
Brooklyn, New York

To the editors:

Robert Wright can't understand why, when Darwin told us everything we ever needed to know about sex, including that it had nothing to do with love, people like Ethel Person keep writing about such irrelevant nonsense as love and the range of feelings often included in our use of the word. Indeed, the notion that such a phenomenon exists is apparently almost as objectionable as the notion that we possess something that might be called an unconscious that is about more than the perpetuation of our species. In paraphrasing Person's words, he destroys her ideas as well as defeating Darwin's and Freud's. I suppose Person should be glad she's in such good company.

JUDITH ROSSNER
New York, New York

THE FAMILY FARMER

To the editors:

Count on TRB to cut through any complex problem and give us a quick, glib answer. Hence it was no surprise to read his latest "analysis" of the farm problem: when farmers produce too much, they aren't happy ("They Asked for It," July 18 & 25). When drought removes their surpluses—thereby "solving" their problem—they still aren't happy. Therefore, to heck with the whole lot of them, put farmers on welfare to keep them quiet, and let the marketplace do its will.

TRB misses the point. Farm programs are motivated not by sympathy or mushy sentimentalism, but by national self-interest. Our concern should be how best to maintain a system of agriculture that is most likely to serve a variety of interests—farmers, consumers, the environment, national security, Third World economic development. That system is the widespread ownership of land by those who live on it and where a majority of the labor comes from that family. I'm sure most Americans would rather trust control of their food production to thousands of family farmers than to a few corporate conglomerates—the eventual result of the laissez-faire policies TRB advocates.

I hope TRB doesn't really think the drought is a viable way to cut surpluses. Obviously, a rise in commodity prices is of no benefit to those farmers who, victimized by the vagaries of the weather, have little or nothing to sell.

My comparison of a fair price for farmers to the "minimum wage" of workers, which TRB notes, is simply to state that neither farmers' prices nor workers' wages should be allowed to drop too low. Henry Ford's dictum remains true: only well-paid, secure workers (and farmers) can afford to buy the products of a consumer-oriented economy, and thus keep the wheels of commerce turning.

Getting the government out of agriculture is an easy slogan. Putting government back on the side of average family farmers—and average consumers—is a far more worthy goal.

TOM HARKIN
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

THE INTERNATIONAL FUENTES

To the editors:

I see no need to defend Carlos Fuentes's politics: he can do that himself quite well, should he wish to. But the readers of Enrique Krauze's article "The Guerrilla Dandy" (June 27) may miss the point that Fuentes is not merely one of the major writers of this hemisphere but also among the great novelists of his generation. *The Death of Artemio Cruz*, which Krauze manages to abide, is in my reading the most powerful political novel written in any language, in any age. Its theme is indeed the betrayal of the Mexican Revolution by its own adherents, and it is hardly without ambiguity; it is poor reading for Krauze to insist that it is. *Terra Nostra* is a rich historical chronicle that suggests that betrayal south of our borders is not simply a question of

continued on page 60

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 29, 1988

TRADING PLACES

It may be, as Republican Party leaders contend, that *most* Americans are better off today than they were eight years ago, but the same certainly can't be said for Republican Party leaders. The GOP is adrift and disoriented, confused about its identity and groping for a sense of purpose.

If those words sound familiar, it's because eight years ago Republicans were gleefully applying them to Democrats. On the domestic front, you'll recall, liberalism was considered an expensive failure. And Jimmy Carter's foreign policy was deemed a welter of untempered idealism. Several years of soul-searching were prescribed.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Unfortunately for Republicans, the prescription has worked. Democrats have returned from the wilderness with a leaner liberalism that seems to be playing in Peoria. They have newfound respect for the free market, and they've taken to confronting proposed government intervention with the healthy question: Is this really necessary? When the answer is yes (as it still is more often for Democrats than for Republicans), they try to avoid the waste and perverse incentives of liberalism past. Thus, welfare—giving people money *not* to work—is evolving, albeit slowly, into workfare. In foreign policy a number of rising Democratic stars in Congress are reviving the party's tradition of assertiveness, and they might well succeed in pulling a Dukakis administration in their direction. Yet they're unlikely to pick up the nasty Republican habit of writing the Pentagon blank checks. And the emerging Democratic pragmatism is leavened with concern for human rights abroad—a now-standard factor in the foreign policy equation that wasn't much talked about before Jimmy Carter came along.

The clearest sign that the Democrats are onto something is the growing amount of time George Bush spends doing embarrassingly bad imitations of a modern Democrat. He wants to give a "child-care tax credit" to poor families; he wants to do whatever it takes to clean up toxic waste sites and stop ocean dumping; he swears he'll invest heavily in public schools; he now favors affirmative action. This relentless repositioning makes some people doubt that there will be a discernible difference between Republican and Democratic candidates come election day. They're wrong. While Dukakis hasn't ruled out a tax hike, Bush has. Even if both men are touting thoroughly progressive policy agendas by November, Dukakis will be the only one willing to pay for it. Of all the Reagan legacies for Bush to perpetuate faithfully, sustaining a budget deficit of catastrophic proportions is a questionable choice.

Notwithstanding the inevitable orderliness of the Republican convention, the party is divided. On the domestic front, Bush's lurch to the left is bound to offend true

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

believers, and Republican foreign policy, meanwhile, is a non-stop family feud. Ever since the INF treaty of last year, the party's right wing (and some of its center) has been sulking. And President Reagan's last-minute attempts to get himself listed under "global harmony" in history-book indexes has deepened the split. When he was in Moscow trying to move START talks forward, many Republicans were rooting against him. This highlights one of Bush's biggest problems: if Reagan, as he seems to believe, has indeed made the world safe for democracy and capitalism (or even if the accession of Mikhail Gorbachev has), then how much can Bush make of the "strong defense" issue, the only real ace in the Republicans' hand? Bush's problem in domestic policy is analogous: now that Reagan has succeeded in chastening liberals, and left them painfully aware of the practical limits on liberal benevolence and special-interest politics, what good is a Reaganite in the White House?

George Bush is not the man to think these questions through. There's no hard evidence that he's ever had an original idea, or even a heartfelt attachment to *any* idea. He's gotten where he is by smiling at powerful people and nodding when they finish their sentences. Now that he's in the unaccustomed position of having no powerful person's coattails heading where he wants to go, he's smiling and nodding at pollsters. What the pollsters are saying is: Reaganism has outlived its usefulness.

BUSH-LEAGUE JOURNALISM

Aside from being conservative, the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Washington Times* have little in common. The *Journal* is considered a first-rate production. The *Times* fights an ongoing battle just to be considered a real newspaper;

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	PARTY GRAS	*	12
2.	DROSS OF GOLD	—	1
3.	HIS HEAD EXAMINED	3	7
4.	CITIES IN FLIGHT	—	1
5.	SEEING WHAT'S INSIDE	—	1
6.	COST MORTEM	*	20
7.	SKY ABOVE, MUD BELOW	2	4
8.	HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN	—	1
9.	WORDS OR MUSIC	*	3
10.	NAME OF THE PROSE	—	1

1. PARTY GRAS ✓

Bush. Who says the Bush campaign isn't interesting? Issue by issue, it spotlights the collapse of Reagan's revolution and his political legacy. On child care, the environment, plant closings, and even late Reagan appointments, there's no sign of Reaganism. In the effort to hold "Reagan Democrats," the pipe is being played by Dukakis.

2. DROSS OF GOLD ✓

Oratory. Not since Pericles has a nation thought so highly of its oratory. Now Bush must deliver a "great" speech. Whom are we kidding? If the culture were not so inarticulate, Dukakis's now-legendary speech would have been shrugged off as homiletic, and Jackson's rhetorical extravaganza (available on tape!) seen as a patchwork. There's been one effective speech: Kennedy's.

3. HIS HEAD EXAMINED ✓

The race. What did the GOP expect to get out of the Dukakis rumor? It wasn't that he was an alleged lunatic, it was that he was allegedly depressed over a brother's death. Suppose it were true? It could have rocked Dukakis, because beneath this episode lies an unfortunate secret: as an electorate, we don't have a clue what character traits we want in a presidential candidate.

4. CITIES IN FLIGHT ✓

Yonkers. Poor Yonkers, successor to Howard Beach as this week's American Johannesburg. Is it worth asking, in the midst of mainstream clucking, whether there is, in the length and breadth of the country, a successfully integrated city? How about an apparently integrated city? All right, back to those damned Yonkers racists.

5. SEEING WHAT'S INSIDE ✓

Ethics '88. About a year ago the culture wrung its hands white over the ethics issue, from op-ed anguish to popular parlor games whose point was to embarrass the players. Last week at least five different major fraud stories, most of them "insider" operations, played the front pages. There's less jabber about ethics courses this time (so far, at least), more about jail.

6. COST MORTEM ✓

Gulf. Now that peace is descending on the Gulf, a moment's attention is being given to the staggering numbers of dead that resulted from a particularly stupid war. Par for the course, except these will get less attention than the usual war dead. One other note: Israel blew it by leaning toward Iran. Even much of the Israeli press thinks so.

7. SKY ABOVE, MUD BELOW ✓

Environment. Language foreshadows the shaping of issues. Environmentalism, for example, has moved from concern to outright fear. The air's been bad for years, now the sea and the sun are dangerous. Add acid rain and the greenhouse, and presto, a new term arises to describe the fear of exposing yourself to rather basic circumstances: ecophobia.

8. HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN ✓

Pacific Century. Talk about a "Pacific Century," based on the economic power of Pacific rim nations, has risen noticeably. A measure of such Pacificism is the "Orientalization" of the U.S. From Japanese management and education models to sushi and Feng Shui, there's a seepage of things Pacific into U.S. thinking. It all seems superficial, but is it?

9. WORDS OR MUSIC ✓

Rap. You'd expect a Black Panther-inspired rap group like Public Enemy to get ink in *The Face* and *Village Voice*, but the *Economist*? In fact, the group's bizarre and often racist press statements *are* their hits; virtually nobody is programming them, least of all nervous black radio stations. Is this the alternative to rap's autoerotic narcissism?

10. NAME OF THE PROSE ✓

End of the book. Two intellectuals have recently celebrated the collapse of literacy, or at least of books. Joseph Brodsky thinks books are too long and time-consuming, and that poetry's time has come. George Steiner writes that the yen to write has become elitist, and that books take up too much space. Anyway, Walkmans are "jollier." We've heard it before, but not from this quarter.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's owned by the Moonies, and it has trouble even feigning objectivity, so conspicuous is its ideology. Its few days in the sun have come when, after weeks of assiduously sucking up to right-wing sources, it is rewarded with a big, exclusive story. But recently the *Times* found another path to distinction: in its slimy exploitation of the Dukakis mental health flap, it had few peers. In fact, the only one that comes to mind is the *Wall Street Journal*.

On August 4 the *Times* ran a headline across the front page declaring: "DUKAKIS KIN HINTS AT SESSIONS." The first paragraph read, "The sister-in-law of Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis said yesterday 'it is possible' the Democratic presidential candidate consulted 'on a friendly basis' with psychiatrist Donald Lipsitt in 1978 during a period when Mr. Dukakis was depressed over his loss in a primary re-election bid." Let's leave aside the fact that the crime Dukakis is being accused of here doesn't even qualify as a misdemeanor. (On television Hugh Sidey darkly called it "non-professional counseling," but the colloquial term is "talking to a friend.") The more interesting question is: What was the basis for the accusation? The sister-in-law, it turned out, simply recalled that Dukakis had been a little down about losing the election, but no more than was normal under the circumstances, and that he had recovered quickly without seeking professional help. The excuse for the headline was buried in the fifth paragraph: " 'It's possible, but I doubt it,' she said of the possibility that the two men may have talked over Mr. Dukakis's depressed condition. . . ."

It's not hard to imagine how the quote was elicited. Reporter: "Do you suppose that maybe the governor, I mean being that he and Dr. Lipsitt were friends and all, might have talked to him about being depressed?" Sister-in-law: (Pause) "It's *possible*, but I doubt it." Bingo. Stop the presses.

What great morning reading we'd all be treated to if more newspapers were as dishonest as the *Washington Times*. Just think how easily answers like "It's possible, but I doubt it" could be converted into titillating headlines, given a cleverly worded question addressed to an unsuspecting victim. "SECRET REAGAN-GORBO PACT TO CONTROL GLOBE HINTED BY WHITE HOUSE AIDE." Or, "BARBARA MULLS RUMORS ABOUT BUSH 'EXTRACURRICULARS.' "

The *Journal* did its work more subtly, on the editorial page. That's where the real ideologues on the staff make their home, and that's where the reptilian core of the newspaper's brain is periodically given free expression. In its August 3 issue—written *before* President Reagan had collaborated with a Lyndon LaRouche foot soldier to turn the story into "legitimate" news—the *Journal* published a rambling editorial titled "The Health-Record Issue." In its opening paragraphs the *Journal* complained that Dukakis had "declined to release his full medical records . . . though presidential candidates typically have." No, they haven't. Dukakis, in disclosing a specific summary of his records and making his doctor available for questioning, has now done as much or more than Ronald Reagan, George Bush, Walter Mondale, or any other presidential nominee in recent history.

As the editorial proceeded, the *Journal* stooped steadily lower in its search for dirt on Dukakis. It finally settled on his brother Stelian, who died 15 years ago when he was hit by a car while riding a bicycle. Stelian, the *Journal* noted, "clearly did suffer from depression." In detail it documented this charge, noting that he had been institutionalized and that, even after his release, he "continued to suffer emotional problems and display odd behavior. . . ." It was toward the end of the editorial that the *Journal*'s writer—aware, apparently, that Stelian isn't the one running for president—linked Dukakis himself to the scandal. In the final, resonant line of the penultimate paragraph, the *Journal* quoted ominously from a Dukakis biography: " 'Incredibly, Michael says he does not remember whether Stelian tried to kill himself.' "

Imagine that—a man who would tell a white lie rather than exhume for more abuse a brother who suffered acutely from mental illness and died violently. Is that the kind of person we want running the country—someone with a sense of decency? Yes. And, ideally, that's the sort of person who would write editorials for our best newspapers.

NOTEBOOK

☐ IRANY I:

Iraqis push into Iran

—*St. Paul Pioneer Press Dispatch*, July 24

Iraqi forces backing out of Iran

—*Minneapolis-St. Paul Star Tribune*, same day

(thanks to Jennifer Russell, Minneapolis, Minnesota)

☐ IRANY II:

Iraq demands direct talks with Iran before cease-fire

—*Raleigh News and Observer*, July 28, front page

Iran seeks direct talks with Iraq

—same paper, same day, page 4A

(thanks to John J. Harder, Raleigh, North Carolina)

☐ BLUE-BLOOD BOOT CAMP: In the August issue of *Connecticut* magazine, George Bush's sister, Nancy Ellis, puts an end to rumors that George was a pampered rich kid: "Our parents were of Midwestern stock and very strict," she's quoted as saying. "They didn't want us to grow up to be spoiled and rich. If we left our tennis racquets out in the rain, we were punished."

(thanks to Timm R. Sweeney, Brookfield, Connecticut)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Soviet empire cracks up.

ETHNIC REFUSENIKS

SOME OF THE most enthusiastic supporters and exploiters of Gorbachev's new political freedoms are Crimean Tatars, Latvians, Lithuanians, Estonians, Kazakhs, and Armenians. They have good reason. *Glasnost* has become a means for greater power for the minorities in the Soviet Union, a way to advance ethnic demands through public demonstrations, some even accompanied by mass violence. The result has been a profound threat to the unity of the Soviet empire. As Gorbachev is forced to resort to repression to maintain public order, conservatives who already fear the destabilizing effects of change have found in the nationalities question a rallying point for opposition. The success or failure of Gorbachev's project could well be determined by how the problem is resolved.

Russian dominance in the Soviet Union has rested upon two foundations: Moscow's firm control over the Party, the political system, and the economy; and the incumbency of Russians or other Slavs in positions of power. The latter is often overlooked. Central decision-making institutions in Moscow have been staffed and led primarily by Russians, and national policies have been determined on the basis of Moscow's priorities. Russians have been posted to key positions of command throughout the Soviet system, including the Party, the economy, and the military and security apparatuses in the non-Russian territories. This system of central elite control has ensured that local interests lose out to national ones on issues of importance to the Kremlin.

These arrangements have not, however, meant the simple exploitation of the non-Russian territories and peoples. On the contrary, the Russian leadership has pursued policies designed to redress inequalities in development among the country's diverse regions. The traditionally Muslim and underdeveloped republics of Kazakhstan and Central Asia, for example, have undergone rapid social modernization and material development, although these have been designed to keep the region economically dependent on the rest of the U.S.S.R.

One result of this regional policy was the creation of modern native elites who had a large stake in the success of the Soviet system, and thus would do Moscow's bidding. Under Brezhnev they evolved into important centers of autonomy. More local officials were promoted to leading positions in their home territories and began to play prominent roles in Moscow.

This pattern of non-Russian elite participation and expanding local prerogatives ended with Brezhnev's death. Under Gorbachev, as part of the general effort to shake off the legacy of those years, central Russian control was reasserted in Moscow and over all local territories, including the non-Russian ones. In Central Asia, for instance, extensive purges of local elites were carried out. Anti-"corruption" campaigns directed from Moscow focused on stopping native elites from directing resources toward local priorities at the expense of those set in the Kremlin. Even native leaders of Party organizations were fired.

But not all the concessions that had been made to local prerogatives under Brezhnev could be withdrawn. In Uzbekistan, Moscow could only exchange one set of local Uzbek elites for another, with modest effect on the problems it had hoped to correct. And when the native Party leader of Kazakhstan was replaced with an ethnic Russian in December 1986, Kazakh university students and native elites engaged in violent demonstrations in Alma-Ata in defense of their claims to local autonomy.

Their actions appear to have forced Gorbachev to make a significant retreat from his attempt to reduce local autonomy. Throughout 1986—at the February Party Congress, in the pages of the leading ideological journal of the Party, and in *Pravda*—the Brezhnev-era stress on "nativization" of local power and increasing participation of non-Russians at the center had been subjected to the same attack as other manifestations of "localism." A month after the Alma-Ata events, however, Gorbachev conceded in an address to the Central Committee that policy toward the nationalities required "special tact and care."

He acknowledged the need to ensure the representation of all groups in leading positions in the Party, state, and economy—a statement that stood in sharp contrast to the Russification of the leadership under way up to then. In another report to the Central Committee in June 1987, he included ethnic group interests among those he identified as having to be respected in the policy-making process. And in his report to the February 1988 plenum of the Central Committee, he elevated the national question to an issue of "vital" importance and called for increasing the role of the national republics in the Soviet state, including their representation in central political organs.

THE DISTURBANCES in Armenia provide a test for the new policy of sensitivity. The issue revolves around the Armenian demand to re-establish sovereignty over their co-nationals in the Nagorno-Karabakh region of the neighboring Azerbaijani republic. Armenians and Azerbaijanis are locked in a zero-sum game with Gorbachev caught in the middle. In a classic blunder, Gorbachev allowed himself to become personally involved by meeting with Armenian activists and by making vague promises to redress their grievances. Not surprisingly, those promises proved impossible to fulfill. He had to resort instead to local repression and to removing both the Armenian and the Azerbaijani party leaders and replacing them with other native elites. But it wasn't enough to quell the unrest in the Caucasus. On July 5, 10,000 Armenian protestors shut down the airport at Yerevan, the capital of Armenia. In a clash with 3,000 police troops sent to reopen the airport, one 22-year-old demonstrator was killed and 36 were wounded. The months-long general strike by the Armenian population of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nagorno-Karabakh was ended in late July only after heavy economic and political pressure, and threats of additional force from the Kremlin. Moscow's promise to set up a commission to study local grievances appears to hold little promise of easing tensions.

The conflict has had little immediate impact on the Soviet political system because it does not yet call into question the relationship between Russians and minority elites in the Soviet Union. For the moment, it may simply weaken support for Gorbachev. But for the long run, the concessions made to Armenian interests in the hope of quieting the unrest, the responsiveness of Armenian and Azerbaijani politicians to popular pressures, and the coverage of these events in the media have clearly shown other ethnic elites, intellectuals, and political entrepreneurs in the U.S.S.R. the power available to them.

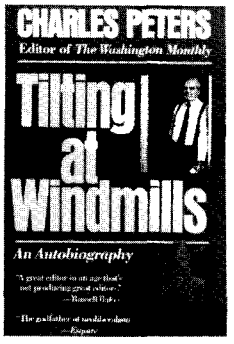
IN ADDITION TO this political turmoil, Gorbachev's economic reforms are likely to exacerbate the ethnic crisis. *Perestroika* is already producing unemployment, inflation, and recession. It will increase levels of material inequality among individual workers and between branches of the economy. But its most worrying legacy may be regional economic disparity. Variations in regional patterns of employment will produce economic inequalities between ethnic groups. Machine tool builders in Russia will soon race ahead of cotton growers in Central Asia. These differences are certain to create resentments.

At the same time, Gorbachev's plan for "democratization" will have the effect of subjecting local political elites throughout the Soviet Union to increased popular pressure to respond to local interests. This will create incentives for even those who remain loyal to the Soviet system to politicize and mobilize ethnic identities as a way to solidify their local support and increase their leverage in the political struggle for resources.

This mobilization will not be restricted to the minority nationalities. A resurgence of Russian nationalism is also taking place. Initially, this may be defused by the fact that Gorbachev's program tends to benefit Russians. But as the level of conflict over resources grows, any gain by the minority nationalities will come to be seen by Russians as their own loss. This is especially true for those in elite positions in non-Russian territories. They will come under greater pressure to extend native control from the administrative and cultural bureaucracies natives now dominate to the economic sector now dominated by Russians. The struggle could become more than mere center versus locality; it could become Russia versus the rest. Russians in the non-Russian territories could represent a potentially powerful base for opposition to Gorbachev's reforms.

In response to all this, Gorbachev paradoxically must attempt to preserve as much of the old political order as possible. He has continued to advance Moscow's right to control elite appointments throughout the country, to reserve a guiding role for the Party even in the so-called self-managed firms that represent the backbone of his econom-

continued on page 14



Tilting at Windmills

The Autobiography of Charles Peters
Founder and Editor of
The Washington Monthly

"A pivotal figure in American journalism, an editor who has transformed the way the press covers government. . . . His autobiography is as shrewd, thoughtful and humane as he is. . . ."

J. Anthony Lukas

"The least jaded journalist in Washington, Peters turns *Windmills* into an inspiring account of a good man's quest for ideas that make sense and for deeds that can make a difference."

Walter Isaacson *TIME*

"The editor of the magazine you can never throw away is now the author of a book you can't put down. . . . It's the best American biography since Russell Baker's *Growing Up*."

Mary McGrory

"Full of ideas and fun and nostalgia. Read it to find out how much better this country could be: realistically, without pie in the sky."

Anthony Lewis

"It accomplishes what only the best biographies are able to do: in the telling of a particular life it provides a larger window onto an extraordinary strand in the life of our country."

Doris Kearns Goodwin

"Charlie Peters runs the best journalistic farm team in America, producing both talent and ideas. In our business, he is a giant. And this gem of a book helps tell why."

Ken Auletta

$18.95 NOW AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

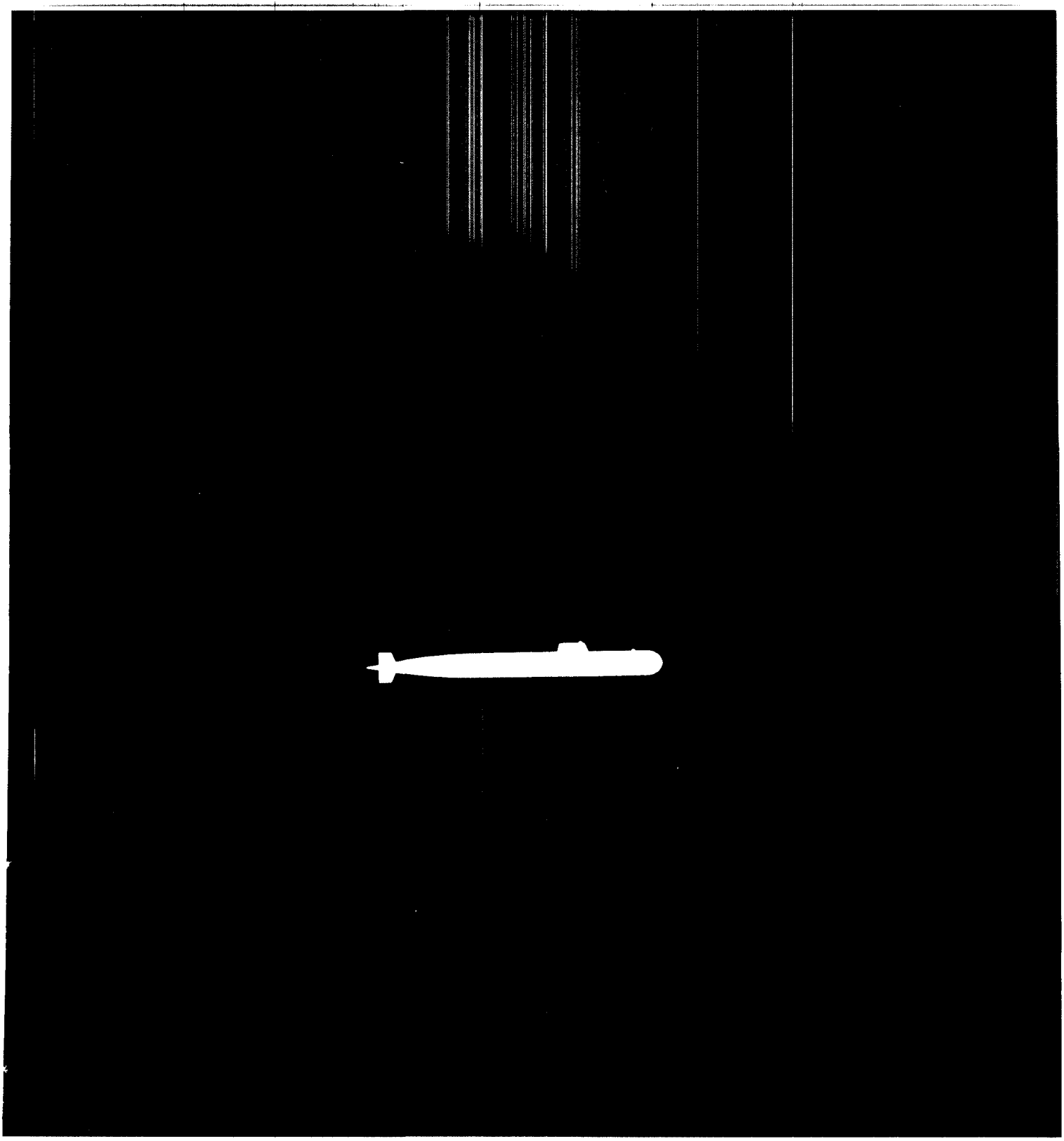
ADDISON-WESLEY
Reading, Massachusetts 01867

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There's a submarine out there. My job is to find it."

"Submarines are becoming faster, more maneuverable, quieter, and a lot harder to find. At Boeing, we're doing something about it. The advanced detection systems we're building for the United States Navy combine today's latest, best technology. They include powerful, on-board computers, advanced expert systems, and data fusion techniques that gather and synthesize information from different sensors. The clearer picture helps our anti-submarine forces find, identify and track intruders. The new systems are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



much faster, far more accurate and significantly more effective in countering submarines than the most highly skilled specialists and conventional equipment."

— *Gary R. Tronson*
Software Eng. Mgr. P-3 Update IV
Boeing Aerospace

At Boeing, we're sharing knowledge and integrating technology to create high-quality products and services. In aviation, computer services, aerospace and electronics. You can trust the people at Boeing to do it right.

BOEING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ic reform, and to assert the Party's continuing claim to exercising a political monopoly. In effect, he is caught between allowing the greater ethnic political and economic assertiveness inevitable with *glasnost* and risking the erosion of the Russian-dominated dictatorship that is the main force behind *perestroika*. Already, the Armenian events are teaching Gorbachev an important political lesson. Reform is difficult to contain once it begins. And many Russians who doubt the value of *perestroika*, as well as those who support it—even Gorbachev himself—may not be prepared to sacrifice their ethnic power to achieve it.

STEVEN L. BURG

Steven L. Burg is associate professor of politics at Brandeis University.

Richard Nixon, prophet.

HE'S WRONG!

"You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." —Richard Nixon, November 1962

The Machiavelli of the White House has become the Nostradamus of New Jersey. Fourteen years after his retirement from politics, Richard Nixon is not merely back, he's turned clairvoyant. Since 1982 Nixon has been sage and seer to presidents, campaign managers, and TV pundits—not to mention the reading public, which has been treated to his ruminations in an endless stream of books and newspaper columns.

To the dedicated Nixonologist, the ex-president's pronouncements fall into essentially two categories. First, there are the really statesman-like ones, a.k.a. meditations on the painfully obvious. And then there are the quasi-mystical, inspirational ones, which, for the sake of precision, we'll characterize as factually wrong.

The "painfully obvious" category is the most quintessentially Nixonian. Take the July 14 Nixon memo to the Bush camp. It contained the razor-sharp observations that the Dukakis-Bentsen ticket made Texas a key electoral battleground; that three possible contenders for the Bush vice presidential slot were Jack Kemp, Bob Dole, and George Deukmejian; and that of the two men on the Democratic ticket, "one is tall, the other is short." The memo was greeted with front-page billing in the *New York Times* ("NIXON, IN NOTE TO BUSH, SAYS DUKAKIS MADE STRONG CHOICE") and prompted Bush's campaign manager, Lee Atwater, to rave, "As usual, President Nixon has keen political insight."

In 1984 Nixon wrote a similar memo to the Reagan camp. That time he really went out on a limb: "As of today, one week before the election, it can safely be predicted that Reagan will win with a landslide." He got subtler. "Mondale can be said to have a fair chance in only the states where the Reagan lead is fewer than 10 points. . . . He has at best only an outside chance in the states where the Reagan lead is between 10 and 15 points. . . . There are no other states in which Mondale has a chance unless the polls are completely out of whack." Still, the clincher is to come: "While an historic realignment of parties based on what has happened in 1984 is possible, it is not yet a fact." Only time will tell.

NIXON'S CLOSE—one might say obsessive—examination of the fortunes of Edward Kennedy is a classic exemplar of the "factually wrong" prediction. In October 1982 a Nixon premonition had it that "Edward Kennedy will be the 1984 Democratic nominee, with Glenn possible." Two years later, in a Reagan memo, he changed his mind: "Most people will disagree with my conclusion that as far as Teddy Kennedy is concerned the train has left the station. . . . 20 years have elapsed since the death of Bobby and a quarter of a century since the death of Jack, and in view of the spectacular appeal the Republican Party has with young people today, Teddy, who in 1988 will be prematurely old, will have lost his major base of support." Still, you never know. By early 1988 Kennedy had become "the least discussed and most logical candidate for a draft," suggested Nixon in the London *Sunday Times*.

Nixon's London column, engineered by his friend Rupert Murdoch—and not reprinted in the United States—is a gold mine for Nixonologists. In seven months as special commentator on the U.S. campaign, Nixon has gotten virtually everything wrong. In February he predicted a serious Kemp surge in New Hampshire. In March he foresaw that after Super Tuesday, "Bob Dole can make it a race by winning California's winner-take-all primary on June 6 [and that] Pat Robertson will have enough delegates to influence the platform." He also ventured that "Michael Dukakis and Richard Gephardt will be the only serious Democratic hopefuls." Nixon believed a deadlocked Democratic convention was a "very likely event." He argued two weeks later that "Republicans can relish spending the next four months watching Michael Dukakis, Al Gore, Richard Gephardt, and Paul Simon cut each other to ribbons in the battle for the Mr. Mainstream Democrat title, only to be forced . . . in July to turn to the far left . . . as the only way to sew their party back together again." He presumably didn't mean Lloyd Bentsen.

As Nixon's trilogy of Teddy Kennedy predictions hinted, staying on the cutting analytic edge sometimes calls for rapid repositioning. On February 14 he predicted that "Jesse Jackson will be so strong by the convention that he is not going to be fobbed off by being put in charge of the anti-drug program or some other gimmick." On March 20 he made a quick plunge against the conventional tide with the claim that "there was never a chance that the Democrats would have put [Jackson] on the ticket. But his second-place finish [in Illinois] coupled with his weak

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

showing among whites means that the party no longer even has to pay lip service to the possibility." But once Jackson won the Michigan primary, he became "the most effective candidate since Teddy Roosevelt."

In March in the *Sunday Times* Nixon predicted that "Dukakis would be guaranteed a loss in November in the unlikely event of the party once again agreeing to self-destruct by nominating him." In April he ventured that "the only ticket that has a chance in November is Dukakis-Nunn." After the Atlanta convention, with the Democrats enjoying a double-digit lead in the polls, Nixon seems to have changed his mind. At a recent dinner party he is reported to have said that Bush will be decisively defeated. Bush shouldn't feel too disheartened. By November Nixon's logic will have had time to come full circle.

Nixon's record is no better on global than on national matters. Three years before Gorbachev pulled the troops out of Afghanistan, Nixon predicted, "He will be tough in keeping what he has; he can't risk losing any part of the Soviet empire he has inherited." As late as 1988, in his much-hyped book, *1999, Victory Without War*, Nixon still held that the Afghan invasion was "a bold but well-studied gambit" and that Moscow "took the decision to intervene as coolly as a master chess player." He added, "Moscow has the potential power to prevail."

In November 1982 Nixon asserted that there would be a Middle East war if Israeli prime minister Menachem Begin did not agree to a self-governing Palestinian state. Begin didn't and there wasn't. Nixon noted in April 1986 that "Korea is being nominated as a likely candidate for American intervention to bring about a change of leadership." And, he warned, "comparisons to the Philippines are superficial and inaccurate. . . . There is not yet a viable alternative to the Chun government." Within a year Chun had stepped down in favor of a viable, democratically elected alternative.

EVEN ON the little things, Nixon gets it wrong. He predicted that because of the recession, 1982 would be bad but 1984 would be "a great year for our Republican candidates." In fact, Republicans did *worse* in the Senate in 1984 than in 1982, losing two seats, rather than none, and recouped only half the House seats they'd lost in 1982. In December 1986 Nixon predicted that "a summit will take place in Washington in spring 1987." It took place in December. In 1984 Nixon predicted that "the Reagan margin could be as low as 11 percent or as high as 19 percent, but I sense 15 percent is closer to the mark." Actually, it was 18. The same year Nixon told Reagan, "You will win a decisive victory in the electoral vote approaching the one you achieved in 1980." Sure enough, Reagan beat it.

Fifteen days before he submitted his resignation as president, Nixon mused (on tape) that Watergate was "the thinnest scandal in American history." He went on to predict, with all the certainty Nixonologists have come to treasure: "I will survive it." The sad thing is, he got that one right.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

CAMPAIGN '88

CHEAP SHOTS

THE RUMOR THAT Michael Dukakis once saw a shrink isn't the only triviality that's become a big political story in the presidential race. There is the tax issue. No, not the issue of whether, and how big, a tax increase might be needed to narrow the budget deficit. Dukakis argues that Bush has violated his promise of no tax increase by backing the new catastrophic health insurance bill with higher Medicare premiums. Bush counters that Dukakis has raised taxes "as a first resort" in Massachusetts this year by boosting the tax on cigarettes from 18 cents to 35 cents. Another hotly debated issue is who was first with a pledge to name a Hispanic to his Cabinet. Who, in other words, pandered first to the Hispanic voting bloc? Dukakis did, it turned out, but Bush's later pander was vigorous. Still another major point of contention is the personal wealth of the candidates, both well-off but neither a zillionaire. Who's inherited more and who's worked for his dough? This question is unresolved.

It's only August and already the presidential campaign has gone sour. The Dukakis-Bush race strikes me as worse than the Reagan-Mondale match-up in 1984, which I thought at the time was as bad as presidential campaigns get. That race left the poor wretches who'd signed up to do campaign books with practically nothing interesting to write about. This time they'll have plenty of material, but it's all ridiculously overblown and peripheral. The issues dividing Dukakis and Bush are mostly small, the tone of the campaign is low-road and nasty, and both camps want things to stay that way. The goal is to tar the other guy as a totally alien creature: Dukakis as loony leftie, Bush as WASP wimp. The press plays along, bringing out the worst in everyone.

I don't want to be namby-pamby about the campaign. I didn't expect an updated version of Lincoln vs. Douglas, or even Nixon vs. Kennedy. Here's what's specifically wrong:

Dirt. There's nothing intrinsically bad about tipping off the press to something unfavorable about your opponent. That's the way politics works, and it's also the way some of the best reporting gets done. It's not a dirty trick either. Passing along information that you know is false is a dirty trick. When the Bush campaign—or friends of the Bush campaign—told reporters of the rumor about Dukakis and a shrink, they thought it might be true.

But even if it weren't, they were covered. The Bushies, a cynical lot, knew that if they circulated the rumor relentlessly, it would bust into print or get on the tube. The press has a new approach to rumors. It used to check a rumor out and, if it couldn't be confirmed, the subject was dropped. Now the press is as likely as not to report that a rumor, still unconfirmed, is gripping the political community. CBS News correspondent Bruce Morton be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gan a report on the Dukakis allegations: "This story is about a rumor." Well, if it's only a rumor, why repeat it on national TV? The answer is the press reports rumors. It shouldn't, but it does.

Bush gained from this episode. He pared ten points from Dukakis's lead in a Gallup Poll taken after the story broke. I suspect that to many voters the presidential campaign is only background noise. So all they know is something hazy about Dukakis and a psychiatrist, which is enough to hurt him. The rumor gambit invites retaliation, and Dukakis campaigns have used leaks and rumors before. Dukakis's gubernatorial opponents have always been bedeviled by leaks from his allies in state government. Who could blame Dukakis operatives for striking back against Bush?

Character. In a sense, Dukakis brought the shrink business on himself. He declared at the Democratic convention that competence, not ideology, is what matters. It's not what you say, but who you are that's important. About Bush, the overriding message from the Dukakis campaign is that he's elitist, uncaring, rich, preppy, and effete. Ann Richards, the Democratic keynoter, pounded the point home with her unoriginal line about Bush being born with a "silver foot in his mouth."

Jim Hightower, the Texas agricultural commissioner, made a class issue out of Bush's roots. "Bush's elite are out at the yacht club tonight, sitting about in their Guccis and Puccis, sipping a delightfully fruity and frisky Cabernet Sauvignon, saying, 'Play it again, George. Play it again.' " Hightower said Bush "has always been in another world. His is an upper-class world in which wealth is yours at birth."

Actually, this doesn't make Bush any different from Lloyd Bentsen or Edward Kennedy or Michael Dukakis. Dukakis is the son of a well-to-do doctor who grew up in an upper-middle-class suburb and went to an elite college, Swarthmore. His father set up a million-dollar trust fund for him. So what? Dukakis ought to be judged on his public career, not his parents. So should Bush. In suggesting that Bush's background is the true measure of his character, the Dukakis camp cheapens the campaign and asks for the kind of response it got from Lee Atwater, Bush's campaign manager. "Bush worked like a dog for his money," Atwater told the *New York Times*. "The reason Dukakis doesn't care much about money is he didn't work for it. He inherited it."

Issues. The problem with issues is there aren't many, and most of those are insignificant. Dukakis doesn't want to be tied to specific positions. He emphasizes broad, ambiguous themes, just as Reagan did with so much success in 1984. The message of the Democratic platform was simply "Hi, America, have a nice day." Budget and taxes should be big issues in the campaign. But Dukakis won't say what taxes he'd raise after his scheme for tightening tax enforcement fails to balance the budget, and Bush won't say what domestic programs he'll cut deeply to make his vague "flexible freeze" work.

I'll give Bush credit for playing up defense and foreign policy issues. He thinks public opinion is on his side here. And Dukakis talks about a few specific domestic initiatives. But the rest is a wasteland. Bush and his cohorts breathlessly try to make big issues out of bits of Dukakis's gubernatorial record. The most compelling is the prison furlough program in which convicted murderers with no chance of parole got free weekends. That issue has resonance with the public. But in pointing to Dukakis's veto of the bill requiring teachers to recite the Pledge of Allegiance daily, Bush has a sinister motive. Dukakis didn't veto the bill because he dislikes the Pledge of Allegiance. He'd gotten an advisory opinion from the state Supreme Court that the legislation was unconstitutional. This is an innuendo issue. The Bush people are implying that Dukakis is unpatriotic, but without saying it in so many words.

Pandering. The Pledge of Allegiance issue is designed to steer Reagan Democrats away from Dukakis, who counters with patriotic music and talk of the "American dream." The tarring of Bush as a WASP plutocrat is aimed at luring Reagan Democrats away from Bush. To knock this down, Bush told *USA Today* he loves to eat pork rinds, and he ate lunch with construction workers in New Orleans on August 8. But Reagan Democrats aren't the hottest target for pandering. Hispanics are.

Both Dukakis and Bentsen speak Spanish, and they make the most of this. Bush doesn't, but he makes up for it with unabashed ethnic pandering. "I wish I [spoke Spanish]," he said. "But I have three grandchildren, my blood coursing through their veins, who are half Mexican." One of Bush's four sons, Jeb, is married to a Mexican-American woman. When Bush addressed the League of United Latin American Citizens in July, he brought Jeb with him to speak Spanish. Bush said "it's time" to put a Hispanic in the Cabinet. "It's long overdue, and that's a firm pledge." If anyone missed the point, Bush added, "I have what is known as a *simpático* feeling. I think I understand the heartbeat of the Hispanic community."

Dukakis feared he'd been out-pandered. He said Bush was "a year late" in promising a Cabinet post. Dukakis had done it when he addressed LULAC in 1987. In talking to LULAC in July, Dukakis bragged that "the unemployment rate for Hispanic Americans in my state has gone from 17 percent to five percent in the last four years." Of course there aren't many Hispanics in Massachusetts. Dukakis insisted it was fine to promise a Cabinet slot to Hispanics, but not women, blacks, or Asians. "A particular ethnic group that has been virtually shut out of high office is entitled to that kind of pledge," he said. Republicans counter-pandered on August 9 when President Reagan named a Hispanic with ten kids, Lauro Cavazos, as secretary of education for the final four months of his administration.

Maybe the campaign will get better after the Republican convention. But I doubt it. The mean, negative tone is set. The campaign is all but scripted. What I like are the spontaneous moments that are sometimes endearing, like when Bill Clinton said "and in closing" at the Dem-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ocratic convention and the delegates went wild with joy. There haven't been many of these moments. The only other one I know was provided by Bentsen. "How do we make equality of opportunity a reality in America?" he asked in a speech to a woman's group. "We can start by supporting the equal rights amendment, and I support the REA."

FRED BARNES

CAMPAIGN '88

HATE WEEK

IT'S GOING TO be Hate Week down in New Orleans, and a splendid time will be had by all. We'll hear a lot about how doubleplus ungood Michael Dukakis is, of course, but the Duke won't be the week's only hate object. We'll also hear much about Willie Horton, the famous furloughed first-degree murderer who committed rape while out of jail on a weekend pass provided by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; a good bit about Daniel Ortega; and a fair amount about George McGovern, Jimmy Carter, Edward Kennedy, and Walter Mondale. We probably won't hear all that much about Jesse Jackson, because frontal attacks on The Rev are almost as risky for Republicans as for Democrats. Expect, however, a few mock-sorrowful laments about how shabbily Jackson has been treated by the Democratic establishment, and perhaps one or two litanies on the theme of "Who is the real Michael Dukakis?" with Jackson, along with Lloyd Bentsen, in a supporting role. We will also hear many incantations of the dreaded "L" word, l-----lism, the awesomely destructive black-magical properties of which are believed in as fervently by Republicans as by Democrats. And of course we'll hear plenty about abortion. And about how Dukakis vetoed little children pledging allegiance to the flag. And about how he favors quote, unilateral disarmament, unquote. It's going to be nasty. And it's going to be fun.

It's especially going to be fun for the press; and nowadays these national political party conventions are, as everyone agrees, actually press conventions. At Atlanta there were nearly four times as many journalists as delegates; the ratio will be even higher at New Orleans, since the Republicans will have only about 2,300 delegates as against the Democrats' approximately 4,200, and the number of journalists will not be materially smaller—somewhere in the 15,000 range.

For the press corps, the Republican convention will be better fun and certainly weirder fun than the Democratic, because Republicans hate reporters. This engenders a fine feeling of foxhole camaraderie among the journalists, who are able to savor a delicious sensation of beleaguerment unaccompanied by any real danger. It is not uncommon in a Republican convention hall for delegates to gather in menacing clumps around the press gallery, shaking their fists and shouting imprecations. (When this happened in Dallas in 1984, some of us fantasized about picking up our friend Ben Wattenberg bodily and tossing him over the side into the angry crowd with a cry of, "He's a Democrat! Get 'im!" Wattenberg would've had only a split second to convince the enraged delegates that while he may look like a Democrat, he actually supports the *contras*, the Reagan Doctrine, Star Wars, etc. But Wattenberg is such a nice guy that we didn't have the heart.)

Despite earnest denials by professional journalists' associations, the fact is that most reporters are Democrats. (Whether this is because reporters are wage-earners curious about their fellow man and sympathetic to underdogs, or whether it is because of a Moscow-inspired liberal plot, I cannot say.) Reporters, therefore, have an emotional investment in Democratic conventions. There is always the danger that the proceedings will excite feelings of hope or of disappointment, both of which are destructive not only to professional detachment but also to simple pleasure. No such distractions interfere with the pure entertainment afforded by a Republican convention. To add to the enjoyment, the fauna at Republican conventions—blustery businessmen, lockjawed Wall Streeters, noisy evangelicals, high-priced tarts—are more exotic than the prosaic teachers, lawyers, labor skates, and bluestockings who people Democratic gatherings. The city of New Orleans, with its steamy French sensuality, its ripe aura of corruption and decay, its sewage-befouled river, will add a final fillip of surrealism. No more incongruously apt setting can be imagined for the coronation of a political dauphin whose most memorable words in 30 years of public life have been voodoo and doo-doo.

GEORGE BUSH has his work cut out for him. Dukakis's convention, which at its halfway point still had the potential to curdle into disaster, instead ended in triumph. First, Dukakis achieved an entente with Jesse Jackson in a manner that must have reassured voters who wondered if the governor of Massachusetts has the stuff to hold his own in the high-stakes world of nuclear blackmail. Jackson made himself a Democratic superpower, but his only real weapon, the threat to bolt or sulk, was a doomsday machine he could not detonate without destroying himself along with his negotiating partner. Dukakis did not blink, which is perhaps what Jackson was thinking of when he paid tribute in his speech to Dukakis's "steel nerves." In both substance and symbolism, Dukakis yielded nothing exorbitant to Jackson in their settlement, and both men emerged from their encounter with enhanced popularity. A post-convention Gallup Poll showed that only 17 percent of the public thought Dukakis had gone "too far" in placating Jackson; the same poll gave Dukakis a 17-point lead over Bush, up from a six-point lead in the pre-convention survey.

Second, Dukakis's acceptance speech was an unanticipated tour de force, a "home run" (as Sam Nunn called it)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that instantly transformed the party's attitude toward its nominee from respectful resignation to enthusiastic pride. The Republicans still may try to ridicule Dukakis for wimpiness and lack of charisma, but thanks to the speech and the response to it, that dog won't hunt. Or rather, that soufflé won't rise.

Dukakis's rival at his convention was Jackson, and with his acceptance speech he matched and mastered him. Bush's rival will be Reagan. For Bush, the ambiguously filial relationship with Reagan charts a complicated course to winning legitimacy for the succession. The vice president must somehow steer between being incinerated in the heat of Reagan's sun and venturing so far from it that he freezes in isolation. He must be simultaneously "his own man" and Reagan's. All this means that a great deal rides on the manner and identity of his choice of a running mate and the impact of his own acceptance address.

AT THIS WRITING, Bush is sticking to his plan of waiting until the next to last day of the convention to announce his choice. This seems wise, as it will provide dramatic suspense, keep the press harmlessly occupied, and focus attention on the fact that Bush is the big boss who gets to make the big decision. The speculation about whom he will pick has been endlessly diverting, allowing journalists to mull over such arcane ontological questions as how any man can be the man of a man who is not his own man. (And it will be a man, by the way. We are still sufficiently benighted in our notions of sex roles that a candidate who for some idiotic reason has trouble living up to a primitive macho stereotype, as Mondale did and as Bush does, cannot afford a female running mate.) Bush's list of possibilities is long. The most commonly heard opinions are that he will opt for Bob Dole (known quantity, slashing partisan, Midwest strength, presidential stature), Jack Kemp (movement conservatives' favorite, blue-collar appeal, excellent haircut), or one of the regional ethnics, George Deukmejian (California electoral-vote bonanza, smart-bomb nickname) or Pete Domenici (Italian Catholic spice, budget credibility).

Names like these, and the routine calculations behind them, inspire little fear among Democrats. What they worry about, or ought to, is that Bush will recognize the desperation of his situation and try something concomitantly daring. Plainly his campaign needs stronger medicine than a marginal electoral-vote advantage in a single state. For example, what if he chose Colin Powell, the White House national security adviser? That would make history, stun the nation, and wrap up the election by transferring essentially the whole of the black vote to the Republican presidential column. Overnight the party of Bush would become, once again, the party of Lincoln. The right would still have nowhere else to go; the only votes Bush would forfeit would be those of racists so intransigent that they could not stomach even a hawkish black general who makes Sidney Poitier sound like Run-DMC. Under a domestic corollary of the Nixon-goes-to-China rule, the same step (nominating a black for vice president) that would doom the Democrats would save the Republicans. Impossible to believe, however, that Bush has that much imagination.

My hunch—what the hell, call it a prediction—is that Bush will go with Senator Alan Simpson. Simpson is a distant long shot at the moment, because Wyoming's paltry three electoral votes are guaranteed to go Republican anyway, because Simpson's admirable work on immigration legislation has not endeared him to Hispanics, and because he does not share the enthusiasm for criminalizing abortion. According to the usual reckoning, he would not bring much strength to the ticket (though on most issues he is quite conservative enough to mollify the right). But like Mondale after his New Hampshire debacle in 1984, Bush may decide to fall back on being true to himself—and Simpson is the only one among the major possibilities he really likes. Dukakis's choice of Bentsen was cold, calculating, and ruthless. For Bush to pick Simpson would be, by contrast, a gesture of the heart. Simpson is extraordinarily droll and charming, a master of deadpan humor who uses the vernacular with freshness and force. He is as funny as Dole and just as partisan, but minus the cruel edge. If he were the choice, it would not take long for the press and public to become besotted with him. This in turn would vindicate Bush's decision to spurn calculation and consult his own preferences. The resulting boost to the presidential candidate's self-confidence would perhaps be the most important side effect of the choice.

Bush's acceptance speech, like Dukakis's, will probably exceed expectations. Peggy Noonan, the ex-Reagan speechwriter (and ex-Democrat) who is supplying the text, is canny enough to find a way to exploit Bush's strength, which is that underneath it all he really is a good and considerate man. A speech that got this across could only benefit from the contrast with the orgy of Dukakis-bashing that is sure to precede it.

THE BIGGEST shadow hanging over Bush's convention is that luck, along with the polls, has been running in Dukakis's direction. An example is the flap over Dukakis's medical records, which is petering out as I write. It may seem strange that the question of whether someone as obviously and numbingly stable as Dukakis is in reality a frizzy-haired, pinwheel-eyed, lolling-tongued loony could be seriously discussed by serious people, but this has been a very hot summer.

The flap began with "rumors" that Dukakis had sought psychotherapeutic counseling for depression brought on by his brother's death in 1973 and his own defeat for renomination as governor in 1978. Under the new Gossip Standard of news, these rumors were deemed worthy of print on the ground that they were "circulating." The rumors were pumped up in handbills distributed by the followers of Lyndon LaRouche—a lunatic fringe spreading a lunatic tale of lunacy. If Dukakis had in fact sought counseling, it would be a symptom of health, not sickness (though one that would certainly be misinterpreted in the heartland); but the story was credibly and repeatedly denied. When a *Boston Globe* reporter called me to discuss it, I asked him if any facts were involved. "Hang on, let me

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

check with the desk," he said, and put me on hold. A moment later he came back on the line and said, "No."

As the frenzy built, the press showed alarming signs of going into its "he's handling it badly" crouch. The *Wall Street Journal* ran a long, wild, fact-free editorial concluding portentously that "it is not too early to say there is something curious going on here," though what that something might be the *Journal* did not specify. Then, unexpectedly, Ronald Reagan rode to the rescue. At a White House press-room appearance intended to highlight his veto of a defense bill, Reagan, in response to a question posed by a LaRouchie reporter, got off his quickly retracted zinger about not wanting to pick on an invalid.

Administering the coup de grace, the Dukakis campaign trotted out Dr. Gerald Plotkin, the governor's physician, for a news conference in a Boston hotel. Dr. Plotkin, as stolid and phlegmatic as his name, quickly bored the press into submission. The low point came when a reporter asked plaintively, "But wouldn't it be abnormal for him *not* to have consulted a psychiatrist?" (Plotkin's methodical reply was that since most people do not consult psychiatrists, not consulting psychiatrists cannot be described as abnormal.) If in fact Dukakis is hiding something—and it must be repeated that there is not the slightest evidence that he is—my totally irresponsible guess would be that it is some trivial but embarrassing procedure, possibly involving the nether parts. But the bottom line, lunacy-wise, is that the governor of Massachusetts is stark, staring sane.

For Bush, the whole thing turned out to be an unwelcome, undeserved, and faintly silly distraction from his efforts to picture his opponent as soft on defense. But New Orleans lies ahead. Down there, maybe, Bush can make his own luck.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Still a Democrat—just.

HANGING IN THERE

Eventually the question occurs: why, since our estrangement from the national Democratic Party has lasted for a decade, since it embraces a range of important issues which are not likely to disappear, since we have tried . . . to win back some influence within the party for our point of view—which is, after all, widely shared by the party's rank and file—and all without effect, and since we often find Republican policies preferable to Democratic programs, why don't we simply break with the Democratic Party and become Republican?

New Orleans

Jeane Kirkpatrick wrote these words in 1979 in a famous article in a Republican journal, *Common Sense*. Speaking for neoconservative Democrats clustered around the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, she charged that the party of her youth had been seized by "new liberals"—"anti-war, anti-growth, anti-business activists" who were "extremist, masochistic, and wrong about almost everything." Yet, she said, she could not turn Republican because "the Republican Party has not articulated any inclusive vision of the public good that reflects concern for the well-being of the whole community."

Kirkpatrick, of course, became Ronald Reagan's United Nations ambassador, helped to make and defend his policies, and within four years not only changed parties, but became a conservative influence even within the Republican Party. But, as current polls show, millions of other Democrats who were disgusted with the Democratic Party and voted Republican in 1980—and 1972 and 1984—did not switch parties and may well vote Democratic this time. Why didn't they become Republicans?

SOME OF THEM—I mean, us—certainly were tempted, because of Republican successes and Democratic failures. Ronald Reagan *did* articulate a public philosophy—basically, that government should give free rein to the fundamental American virtues of enterprise and individual freedom, which would produce growth benefiting everybody, and that America should promote democracy and market economics abroad. By many measures—errors such as Lebanon, Iranamok, and Pentagon mismanagement notwithstanding—Reagan succeeded in restoring the country's morale, prosperity, and influence abroad.

According to the economic indicators that most people pay attention to, Americans seem to be better off now than they were in 1980. Per capita disposable (that is, after-tax) income—supposedly the most politically sensitive indicator—rose 12.9 percent during the first seven Reagan years, whereas it rose only 7.5 percent in the seven preceding years. Unemployment reached a 14-year low of 5.4 percent in July, and inflation is staying around four percent. As the Republicans repeatedly told each other at their pre-convention platform hearings here, the United States is currently in its 69th consecutive month of economic expansion, the longest ever in peacetime, and 17 million jobs have been created in the last six years. "More people are at work, at higher average real incomes than at any time in American history," George Bush told the committee. "The Republican legacy these last eight years has been—literally—'good jobs at good wages,' " meaning to say that what Michael Dukakis is promising, the Republicans already have delivered.

Moderate Democrats like me have been tempted to become Republicans because the various forms of doom predicted by conventional economists simply have not occurred. Reagan tax cuts were supposed to bring on runaway inflation, unending recession, deindustrialization, and (in David Stockman's words) $200 billion deficits "as far as the eye can see." In fact, inflation is low, GNP growth is still strong, the deficit is $160 billion and is falling as a proportion of GNP, and manufacturing output as a proportion of GNP is the same as it was in 1950. I think this can't last, but I have been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thinking that for eight years now.

In foreign policy, too, the Reagan era has been marked by some important successes. There are many more democracies in Latin America and Asia now than there were in 1980, and America's adversaries are in retreat in Afghanistan, the Persian Gulf, Libya, and Southeast Asia. The Soviets say they have turned away from expansionism and want to concentrate on *perestroika* and negotiation. Is this entirely Reagan's doing? Of course not, but some of it surely is. He restored American military power (no doubt excessively), reasserted American self-confidence, bolstered allies, and applied pressure where adversaries were weak. The Soviets agreed to dismantle their medium-range missiles in Europe because NATO showed determination to deploy its missiles, and the Soviets are ready for START, in part, because Reagan threatened their decrepit economy with enormous expenditures to counter SDI.

Reagan failed in such places as Nicaragua, Lebanon, South Africa, and Panama, and Democrats have every right to criticize. But the correlation of forces in the world is certainly more advantageous to the United States now than it was when Reagan took over. This fact tempts a moderate Democrat to turn Republican, and so does the fact that many Democratic officials—including Michael Dukakis—favored a nuclear freeze and opposed nearly every exercise of American power from the Grenada invasion and the Persian Gulf escort mission to aid for the Nicaraguan *contras*. The next president needs to be a hard bargainer and a shrewd strategist to conclude the business that Reagan has begun. Doubts about Dukakis's strength remain his greatest vulnerability in this election.

FINALLY, the Reagan years repaired America's cultural climate. Even though greed and sleaze infested portions of the administration, and though acquisitiveness and consumption crowded out service and altruism as preoccupations of the upper-middle class, there also was a restoration of respect for the bourgeois ethic in America after the battering it took in the countercultural 1960s and early '70s. As late as 1984 the Democrats seemed to believe that benefits in America should be apportioned by quota to interest groups. That again tempted moderate Democrats to become Republicans. The 1988 Democratic platform and the Dukakis élan, though, are grounded in middle-class values: family, fidelity, work, avoidance of drugs, opportunity, patriotism. The party is no longer dominated by the "new liberals" against whom Kirkpatrick railed—or, rather, they have grown older and wiser. The reason is that the Republicans, representing popular values, beat the Democrats in four out of the last five elections, three times by landslides.

Defeats of this sort caused the British Labour Party to head hard left, but this hasn't happened to the Democrats. Jesse Jackson represents a powerful left influence, but the Atlanta convention demonstrated that he does not dominate Dukakis. Although Kirkpatrick and a few others bolted the party, most of her CDM allies stayed behind, and some of them formed a new centrist organization, the Democratic Leadership Council, which has proved to be a real wing in the party, not a feather. Moderates and conservatives such as Sam Nunn, Lloyd Bentsen, Bill Bradley, Albert Gore, and Les Aspin have the influence Kirkpatrick thought they could never have.

This cultural recovery is part of the reason moderate Democrats didn't switch parties. Dukakis is not declaring, as Jimmy Carter did in 1976, that "small is beautiful." Nor is he conceding, as Carter did in 1980, that "inexorable forces of history" make economic stagnation and geopolitical decline inevitable. Rather, he is saying that "beginning in January of 1989, we're going to roll up our sleeves and go to work and out-manufacture, outsell, outhustle, and outcompete every nation on the face of the earth."

MEANWHILE, the Republicans seem to have no string of successors who could credibly follow up and improve upon the Reagan legacy. The party, of its own free will, selected George Bush as its leader—and Bush (amiable fellow that he is) seems to embody all the cultural narrowness that the Republican Party traditionally has represented. Kirkpatrick wrote in 1979 that "the Republican Party is too homogeneous for a Democrat's taste," and things haven't improved much. Reagan said, on occasion, that he wanted union people, Jews, blacks, and Hispanics to become Republicans, but he rarely went to them to ask for support. Nor did Bush. Jack Kemp did, but he was trounced in the Republican primaries.

Bush also has failed during the past eight years, and right up to the eve of the Republican convention, to articulate a public philosophy of his own. Likely as not, Bush will solve his problem with "the vision thing" in his acceptance speech, but will it represent his own guiding philosophy for the future, or the work of his speechwriter, Peggy Noonan, and his campaign manager, James Baker?

The most serious factor dissuading anyone from switching parties, however, is that the Republicans at bottom have failed to be true to themselves as conservatives, and have tried to buy prosperity and popularity with borrowed money, loading the population with a burden of debt that will wipe out the gains that Americans have made these past eight years. As Professor Benjamin Friedman of Harvard demonstrates in his new book, *Day of Reckoning* (Random House), America has been overconsuming and underinvesting during the Reagan years, borrowing from foreigners and future generations."Because of the need to service the debt," he writes, "we will have to live on less than what we produce and earn." Inadequate capital formation and sluggish productivity growth "will make the resulting deterioration in the standard of living still worse—probably enough so that without a change of policy real incomes in America will stagnate altogether."

There are a few Republican economists who say that the United States really isn't a debtor country, and a few others who say that it doesn't matter, but all the official statistics show that the United States owes foreigners $368 billion

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(whereas they owed us $106 billion in 1980) and that the federal government is now $2.6 trillion in the hole (compared with $900 billion in 1980)—all of which must be serviced and repaid out of goods produced henceforward and not consumed by us.

The good news for Republicans is that per capita income is up. But that is partly because more women are working and population growth is diminishing. But per worker, income is not rising and by some measures it is actually falling. Friedman's figures show that per worker income reached a peak of $366 a week in 1972, and has fallen since then to $318 in 1980 and $312 in 1987. Commerce Department data analyzed by the Brookings Institution show that per worker income stayed stagnant during the 1970s at around $20,700, and increased by only 5.2 percent, or $1,142, from 1980 to 1986. Slowed-down production to pay debt will wipe out hope of higher wages and an accelerating standard of living.

For a certain kind of justice to prevail, perhaps a Republican should have to preside over the reckoning to come, but if pain is inevitable, it would be better distributed by someone who cares about those who are suffering. Democrats do care. That is their historic raison d'être. Republicans claim to care too, but during the Reagan years the ranks of the poor have expanded—from 13 percent of the population in 1980 to 13.6 percent now, an increase of 3.1 million persons, including 1.3 million children. The number of persons earning less than half the official poverty level increased by 2.9 million. These are boats that Reagan's rising tide did not lift.

Further, for the debts to be paid, taxes will have to be raised. Bush has adamantly ruled this out, saying that spending can be cut instead. But the lesson of the past eight years is that spending is politically impossible to cut on any large scale, and cutting the fastest growing of all expenditures—middle-class entitlements—is taboo. The challenge for the next president will be to limit demand for more spending and to apply revenues to debt reduction. It's not obvious that either Dukakis or Bush is capable of that.

Party identification isn't easy anymore, which may be why so many "de-aligned" Americans classify themselves as independents and vote for candidates, not parties. Morally, it may be more desirable to be committed, but it's a defensible stance to believe—as one of Kirkpatrick's CDM colleagues, Ben Wattenberg, put it—that "the Republicans want to raise the roof for achievers and the Democrats want to raise the floor to protect the unfortunate—and they're both right." It's true, we can't have both a humane and a productive society without doing both. But for eight years now, we've devoted vast resources—even resources we didn't have—to roof-raising, and it looks as though the money was squandered, rather than invested, creating the prospect of more unfortunates to be looked after in the future. Unless George Bush can convince people over the next three months that this isn't so, there's every reason this year for Reagan independents to give the Democrats another chance to try things their way.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

LibertyPress

ORIGINS OF THE COMMON LAW

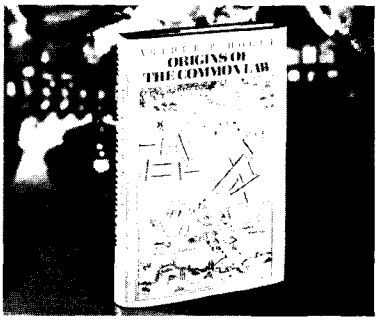
By Arthur R. Hogue

First published in 1966, *Origins of the Common Law* looks at the medieval roots of our legal system during the early formative period of the common law. Between 1154 and 1307, common law experienced a spectacular growth as a legal system enforced in the English Royal Courts. In the form of writs, judicial decisions, treatises, royal ordinances, and parliamentary statutes, the common law emerged into explicit written form and formal procedure.

Hogue concludes, "The rule of law, the development of law by means of judicial precedents, the use of the jury to determine the material facts of a case, and the definition of numerous causes of action — these form the principal and valuable legacy of the medieval law to the modern law."

Not a technical legal treatise, this work should be of interest to the general reader and the specialist alike.

Hardcover $10.00 ISBN 0-86597-053-X
Paperback $ 4.50 ISBN 0-86597-054-8



Please send me: *Origins of the Common Law*

Quan.		Price	Amount
	Hardcover	$10.00	
	Paperback	4.50	
		Subtotal	
		Indiana residents add 5% sales tax	
		Total	

We pay book rate postage. Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery. All orders must be prepaid in U.S. dollars.

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.

☐ Please send me a copy of your latest catalogue.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Mail to: Liberty Fund, Inc.
7440 North Shadeland Avenue, Dept S-130
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who said Atlanta was a success story?

A (DISSIDENT) DEMOCRAT'S LAMENT

BY MARTIN PERETZ

I WRITE FROM within the Democratic house, but without the Democratic elation coming out of Atlanta. I've felt instead a sensation of cognitive dissonance. The media tell us that Democrats experienced their convention as a great reconciliation—a collective tilling of "common ground," if you will. So it no doubt was for many. But I've spoken to dozens of lifelong Democrats—I don't claim they're representative, but they certainly are symptomatic—who came away from those four nights in front of the television (or at the Omni itself) wondering whether the present political domicile of the national party is a place they can call home.

This alienation, which is also my alienation, has next to nothing to do with the presidential candidate, Michael Dukakis. He was not my first choice for the nomination, but I preferred no other to him as a second choice. In any case, some of those most put off by the message of Atlanta are Dukakis enthusiasts. And though I found Dukakis's acceptance speech more than routinely contentless, I am prepared to agree that his obvious intelligence would make a large improvement in our public life. At this point in our history it is useless to hold out for the rare politician who will admit that the worst problems of our society are long-term and in some cases intractable. I'm quite ready to vote for a candidate who pledges to relieve every ill this side of the blues, even (or perhaps especially) one whose promises are so blandly uttered as to suggest he doesn't believe them himself.

Still, there was no moment in Atlanta less credible than when the icy Duke—quoting John Winthrop, from whom Ronald Reagan's speechwriter filched "the city on the hill" eight years ago—insisted that "we must love one another." Perhaps this was the candidate's obeisance to communitarianism, an ideal unforeshadowed by either his administration of Massachusetts or his campaign. But communitarianism is a genuine value, and Dukakis may be genuinely persuaded of its social resonance. (It is probably too late for Lloyd Bentsen, tribune of the *enrichissons-nous* crowd, to grasp the principle: the vice presidential nominee waited until early August to quit three restricted social clubs.)

Despite Dukakis-cum-Winthrop's bestowal of love, and despite Jesse Jackson's unifying metaphor of the patchwork quilt, the defining rhetoric of the convention was class and race and gender resentment. Abetted by the pendular swing phenomenon discerned by the historians Schlesinger, father and son, these resentments may help Democrats win an election. But they constitute a false analysis. They make false promises and raise false hopes. The Democrats have not yet learned the true lesson of the disenchantment with the 1960s and early 1970s, which was that we were too enchanted by the possibilities of politics and not sufficiently schooled in its limitations and frustrations.

Lifting the expectations of our ghettos' inhabitants that government actions will suffice to free them from the slavery of drugs and illiteracy and unemployability and children having children ad infinitum is a reckless act unless we know how to do it. And we don't. There are, for example, plenty of "good jobs with good wages" going begging in New York City. Yet 45 percent of the potential labor force there is unemployed and not even looking for work. The numbers are 56 percent in Baltimore and 54 percent in Detroit, and not appreciably better in St. Louis or Oakland or dozens of other locales. The problem is not the absence of jobs, and also not the absence of training programs. It is the by now almost clinical depression of millions of people, more whites among them than the stereotype admits. The party platform—which finds space for statehood for the District of Columbia, autonomy for Puerto Rico, treaty commitments to Native Americans enforced by "culturally sensitive officials"—simply ignores the corrosive reality of an underclass, whose growth is guaranteed by the disintegration of family structures and family authority. In his address, Jesse Jackson ridiculed the very notion: "All these experts on subculture, underclass . . ." Yet how can a party govern that can't face the truth of such an issue?

My grievance is with the Democratic Party because emotionally and morally I have no truck with the Republican Party. I feel this way despite the, to me, undeniable fact that its stewardship of foreign policy—even if sometimes rhetorically excessive and operationally bullying—has shored up the peace, pushed back the specters of war, and enhanced the democratic enterprise among allies and friends. It has made a disastrous mess, however, of our competitive economic position, squandering with an abandon for which the future will pay. The Republican Party has even less of an imagination than the Democrats of the social compact—vertically across generations past and future, horizontally across classes, races, and ethnic groups—on which our global security is founded.

If Republican faces reflect the Republican vision, the Republican Party scarcely tries to be inclusive of class and race. The crowd in New Orleans, if not exactly lily-white, will be very far from a cross section of American life. Even

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the special and partial exception of the period when the memory of the Civil War was still vivid and the then relatively few voting blacks voted Republican, the GOP has always had a socially constricted base—so much so that Theodore Roosevelt once aptly characterized the Episcopal Church as "the Republican Party assembled for prayer." The party has not historically, in program or in style, been notably open to outsiders; it usually stood guard for the old social order. Where, idiosyncratically, a small immigrant cohort would ally itself to Republican fortunes, it was usually because a larger and earlier immigrant group had made the Democratic Party its near-exclusive instrument.

Of course, the Republican Party is today considerably more open. It is as urban as it is rural, and it has welcomed many second- and third-generation ethnics. Moreover, the Republicans, especially under Reagan, have here and there assaulted the preserves of the old elites—the courts, the foreign service, the regulatory commissions—with the sons and daughters of the previously excluded. That is an irreversible achievement. But it does not exhaust the obligation of government to include; and the smugness that accompanies it is worse than unbecoming, it is downright ugly and mean-spirited.

These are not adjectives one casually applies to someone like George Bush, blithe soul. Unlike Reaganite ultras he is not so much animated by greed as he has been sated by plenty. The country club seems to circumscribe his mental habitat. It's far too late in our national history to have a president so complacent as to believe that the sons of old Eli really constitute an egalitarian fraternity. Bush, this feeble echo of the once vibrant moderate (or, heaven forbid, liberal) Republicanism, may in many ways be more *arrière-garde* than Reagan, to whom its arcane norms counted for little. No wonder neither Rudolph Giuliani nor Colin Powell, two knockout names floated early on as potential Bush running mates, never stood a chance. They wouldn't have made Skull and Bones or the Petroleum Club either. The Republican Party and its ticket are just not for me.

WHICH BRINGS ME back to my quarrel with the Democratic Party. This is no longer a lover's quarrel. It's been going on too long for that, ever since the party activists nominated George McGovern and enshrined the orthodoxy, tattered but still regnant, that America is ideologically corrupt and historically in the wrong. These themes survive inferentially even in the carefully vetted platform of 1988, which was designed expressly not to offend past Democratic apostates.

The party has learned to disguise its intentions: the convention turned down or tabled amendments to the platform whose tenets polls of the delegates showed they supported by large margins.

A platform is not a contract, thank God. But its careful rhetoric is still a revealing Rorschach. The issues it broaches, the few it fixates on, the ones it shrugs off, tell you much about the inner mind of the party.

The international arena conjured up in that mind is the stuff of fantasy. The platform rehearses the discredited clichés of North-South wealth transfer, as if all that is needed, especially in "the poorest continent, Africa, which deserves special attention," is some American compassion and lots of American cash. There's no hint that it might be well to encourage free markets in those tens of poor countries where socialist planning has further immiserated their people. The platform subtly and falsely suggests that progress in arms control has been made largely because of the Soviet initiatives, which the United States is enjoined to "match." The platform specifies only the United States as undermining the peace process in Central America—not a mention of Nicaragua!—and asserts that U.S. bad faith is all that stands between that region and a future of national reconciliation and human rights. Nonetheless, the party seems to believe that the United States, despite its previous sins, can be decisive in righting wrongs almost everywhere. The question is: Where are the wrongs? In Ireland and Cyprus, Central America and Asia, but not in the Arab Middle East, and not in Africa either save for apartheid South Africa. So what about Marxist Ethiopia? There is another caveat: in Eastern Europe, we should encourage the forces of pluralism and democracy only "wherever possible." Such squeamish deference to circumstance would be refreshing if it weren't reserved for the Soviet bloc. Indeed, Democrats have no sense that the multiple crises of communism provide us with opportunities to probe in behalf of the national interest and of democratic values generally. The idea of pursuing American diplomatic advantage seems wholly alien to the party soul. There is no cohesive strategic worldview in this platform, which only magnifies the question of whether the candidate also is without one.

THE PLATFORM'S domestic planks are a grab bag of spending commitments, without any effort to jibe these commitments with its critique of the tripling of the national debt under Reagan. The party is agnostic on taxes, hoping not to disturb voters of the middle class. But the party's litany of grievances, its relentlessly grim evocation of American society, has little to do with the realities of middle-class life. And there is certainly no sense that middle-class values are what have historically united the country and the only plausible values that can lift the disadvantaged from deprivation.

Here is a non sequitur that is only one of many: "There is no good reason why the nation we love, the greatest and richest nation on earth, should rank first among the industrialized nations in output per person but nearly last in infant mortality." There is a good reason why we fare so badly in infant mortality, and it has very little to do with Reaganite chintziness. The reason is that so many babies are born to unmarried young mothers who shouldn't be having them and who can't or won't care for them—as Roger Rosenblatt puts it in *U.S. News and World Report*, "babies born to alcoholics and drug addicts, poisoned at birth" (August 1). When such babies do survive, what kind

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of life will they live? To pass over the consequences of the profligate child-bearing pathologies of the underclass—a phenomenon more than a quarter century in the making—is demagoguery. The party, out of habitual deference to the self-appointed tribunes of the poor, has never faced this issue.

On one page the platform bemoans official indifference to the catastrophic "greenhouse effect"; on the next it calls for greater reliance on domestic fossil fuels and urges the country to "reduce its reliance on nuclear power." This is sheer cynicism. Fossil fuels, no matter how "clean," produce the carbon dioxide that causes the greenhouse effect. The most practical way out is nuclear power, for which there has been available for some time now a safe, albeit costly, technology (see "Safe Nuclear Power" by Lawrence M. Lidsky, TNR, December 28, 1987). More than a decade has been lost in the ravaging of the atmosphere because of the taboo on entertaining the thought of nuclear power, a taboo to which Governor Dukakis obediently bowed with reference to the Seabrook nuclear plant.

The Democratic convention confirmed that the party still sees America as a Balkanized country, made up not, as the Constitution envisioned, of individuals but of groups. Nor is the party an equal opportunity Balkanizer: blacks, Hispanics, and Native Americans are named, but not those many kinds of identifiable ethnics among whom the American dream is still at best only partially realized. Dukakis put his stamp of approval on this Balkanization by injecting Spanish remarks at several points in his acceptance speech. It was an astute political ploy aimed at Hispanic voters. But it also gave symbolic sanction to the separatists who want to deny a national language and a national culture. Cultural pluralism does not undermine the national culture so long as it is voluntary. Some Italians still speak Italian, some Greeks Greek, some Jews Yiddish or Hebrew, some Germans German, Poles Polish, Chinese Chinese, and so on. But it is their business and their choice. National rituals like a party convention should not as a matter of public policy elevate the culture of one group or two over others whose struggles to maintain a balance between origins and destiny are not less poignant than that of immigrants of Hispanic origins. The special sanction, moreover, tilts the odds toward the old-country culture (or actually the slave culture) in ways that limit its supposed beneficiaries' mobility in the country they really are, and should be, living in. Dukakis's was not a unifying gesture but a fissiparous one.

SO, TOO, were many provisions of the platform. There is a terrible shortage of teachers, particularly in math and the sciences. One plank calls for teacher "enrichment programs, including a National Teacher Corps to recruit teachers . . . especially minorities." But if there is a teacher crisis, why "especially" minorities? It is likely that if we wait for minority teachers, the teaching crisis will in the meantime only get worse. Why should there be funds to expand support only for "historically black and Hispanic institutions" and not Scandinavian or Asian ones? Why is federally held foreclosed land to be made available, as a priority, to minority farmers? This fixation on minorities reflects, in my view, a misreading even of the minority situation. There is hardly any need for compensatory programs for middle-class blacks and Hispanics, who are, as it happens, much sought-after in commerce and the professions. Special arrangements for them unjustly casts shadows of doubt on their genuine achievements. In any case, these programs have no salience to the minority poor (or the white poor, whom poverty also degrades), and especially none to the underclass whose hopes are stillborn. Set-asides to create black millionaires in banking, construction, and communications meet no public purpose that can be scrutinized in daylight. If the party continues to pledge itself to many such initiatives, it will unnecessarily fuel the resentments of hardworking whites who live without publicly mandated advantages, and it will leave the underclass to grow and fester in its misery. Despite the heady rhetoric about economic justice (and economic violence), this is a shameful abdication, an abandonment of those who really hurt in our society. And who, in their very life modes, really hurt others.

There is hardly an item in my bill of particulars against the party that was not also in the 1984 platform. So this already long meditation of a dissident Democrat has little directly to do with Jesse Jackson. I would have written it even if Jackson had not turned out to be the emotional focus of the convention, even if Jackson were not in a position, as the party establishment clearly thinks he is, to blackmail its ticket. Nonetheless, I cannot deny that the power Jesse Jackson and his supporters have amassed in the party fills me with anxiety.

IT'S NOT, Lord knows, the sway of blacks that worries me. A truly interracial party, an integrated country, these are the names of our desire. But as long as black interests are, willy-nilly, equated with Jackson's, the strains between blacks and whites are likely to intensify. It cannot really be in the interests of blacks or of the black political class that their political muscle be measured by how it benefits the person of one man. The unprecedented spectacle on stage of the entire Jackson dynasty, one by one, offering tribute to the father as leader was not exactly in the best democratic taste. This was not only symbolically dynastic; it was concretely so. Jesse Jackson Jr. (age 23) has been made a member of the Democratic National Committee.

In Jackson's speech Tuesday night there was no idea but that every grievance is just. There were no contexts, no ambiguities, no compromises. The adversary is always morally unfit. It is a measure of the impoverishment of our political discourse that this recitation of threnodic slogans and seven-worded not-quite-sentences should be thought high oratory. Jackson's speeches are never truly uplifting. He pleases part of his audience by validating its resentments, the other part by massaging its most sentimental illusions. In this Jackson differs decisively from Martin Luther King Jr., whose mantle he is now said to have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inherited. King never drew enthusiasm to himself. He drew it to his aspirations for others. King, unlike Jackson, knew his function was to teach, not to rouse some and soothe others.

In the end, despite the concrete but hardly programmatic details in the platform, and despite the concessions the defeated candidate extracted for himself and his entourage, he has not put one new proposal of substance on the agenda, and certainly nothing so compelling that its consideration is now unavoidable. Not one. This will be the true failure of the Jackson campaign, notwithstanding the symbolic triumph of getting a party to tremble so that he will smile. His campaign was no movement with the force of an idea but the personal campaign of a personal redeemer in whom millions have vested their half-articulated aspirations. But there are no redeemers, no messiahs, no saviors in modern life, certainly none whose only strengths and achievements proceed from the microphone.

Even that strength is oddly vaporous. "We need bold leadership and a new direction . . . leadership must address the high moral challenges of the day . . . leadership must address the critical struggles in the world." Such bloviatingly empty phrases, not at all atypical, seem lifted from the original Wallese, that debased political dialect, according to Dwight MacDonald, perfected by Henry Wallace—to whose ideas, such as they were, Jesse Jackson's, such as they are, bear a striking resemblance. And, of course, Jackson's successes have opened the way for the re-entry into Democratic high councils of many direct spiritual heirs (and a few aging veterans) of Wallacite politics: a feigned golly-gee enthusiasm for all kinds of brutal revolutions on the anti-American side of the ideological divide.

MY SENTIMENTS about the influence of Jesse Jackson in the party are the sentiments also of a Jew. No group has been more faithful to the party for a longer period than the Jews, not even the blacks. Much of the intellectual vigor—and rigor—of the liberal idea is a contribution of Jews—sometimes of Jews as Jews. In 1984 Jackson forces attacked a proposed provision in the Democratic platform that would have put the party squarely on record as opposing anti-Semitism. It would have been a salient point then, given the shadow of Louis Farrakhan; it would have been even more appropriate now, given a resurgent anti-Semitism among blacks especially, and a sign of Jesse Jackson's statesmanship besides. (Instead of confronting black anti-Semitism head on, Jackson continually equates Mayor Ed Koch's personal attacks on him with black politicians' attacks on the Jews.) Despite the platform's solicitude for the officially accredited minorities, there is not a word about anti-Semitism. The Jewish sensibility, apparently, can be shrugged off. But only at peril.

I believe that anti-Semitism was at work on the convention floor, and other observers and delegates experienced it at state caucuses. The proximate occasions were discussions of a minority amendment to the platform on Palestinian self-determination. I fully understand that most people favoring Palestinian self-determination are not in the slightest anti-Semitic. Certainly the proposal that reached the floor, and that, like the "no first use" amendment, would likely have passed had not the Dukakis camp enforced discipline on its delegates, sounded innocuous enough. It even included a phrase about Israeli security. Forgive the narcissistic reference, but its major proponent, James Zogby, a professional in the Palestinian cause, was heard several times in Atlanta to say that the formulation is one that "even Marty Peretz has endorsed." This is true, but the ad I signed had a context that, of course, the minority plank did not. A simple call for self-determination for the Palestinians implicitly puts the blame on Israel for the continuation of the conflict. It is a code word. But there would long ago have been self-determination for the Palestinians had they had at any of several points in the past accepted the permanent presence of Israel in the area.

IN ANY CASE, the "moderate" wording was not Zogby's chosen formulation. He was pushed back by a process almost of infinite regress to this more modest demand by the political realities of the platform committee itself. His public record as an anti-Zionist hysteric is, in any case, long and well known. So when Jesse Jackson designated him as one of his foreign policy point men on the platform committee, the candidate was aligning himself with the pro-PLO hard-line. No surprise: Zogby had been close to Jackson for some time and raised big sums for him from wealthy Arab-Americans. For one of his spots on the rules committee Jackson appointed James Zogby's brother John, a left Democratic activist from Utica, New York, whose wife was a Jackson delegate. John Zogby's views are even more pervid than those his brother admits to in public. On March 13 of this year, John signed a statement in the *New York Times* headed "End Apartheid Aid Now," proclaiming that "minimum justice required the replacement of the State of Israel by a democratic secular state in Palestine." One of Jackson's ten new designates to the National Committee, Ruth Ann Skaff of Texas, is known primarily as a vocal supporter of the Palestine Liberation Organization. This is quite a credential. The party associates to its executive someone known explicitly for her enthusiasm for a terrorist organization. Another new Jackson DNC member is Los Angeles City Councilor Robert Farrell, who uses the Israeli-Nazi analogy. This ideological profile of people close to Jackson—people who became close precisely because of the Israeli issue—is not exactly consoling. Would anyone want to wager serious money about Jackson's true views on the matter?

None of this background was treated in any major newspaper or newsweekly. The debate on the Palestinian self-determination plank was reported cursorily if at all, except in an alarmed and alarming account by John Judis in the socialist weekly *In These Times* (August 3-16). The debate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was the most furious of the convention. Senator Daniel Inouye and Representative Charles Schumer, who spoke for the platform committee majority, were ferociously booed and heckled. Something more was going on than a discussion of a mild endorsement of Palestinian statehood. One friend of mine not at all invested in the Israel issue told me that supporters of the minority plank "wanted to win with this moderate wording only as a wedge. Like the PLO, first they want the West Bank, tomorrow everything else."

Michael Lerner, editor of the influential leftish Jewish monthly *Tikkun*, which favors Israeli negotiations with the PLO for a Palestinian state, told *In These Times* that there was a "manifest content" and a "latent content" to the controversy. The latent content was about the Jews, not about the Palestinians. Some of Jackson's supporters, black and white, may well feel strongly about and against Israel. But the intensity of passion, manifest on the floor, is suspect. Representative Barney Frank told Judis that had the debate lasted a while longer, fist fights would have broken out on the convention floor.

People truly interested in building a Democratic coalition would never have permitted this issue, central to the psychological security of one of the party's constituencies and at most peripheral to another, however consuming that constituency's Third World identity, to reach the floor. But some of those who insisted on it do not want a Democratic coalition that includes masses of Jews. There are blacks, and Arab-Americans certainly, who'd prefer a party without Jews. Wittingly or unwittingly Jesse Jackson has encouraged them. Unless Michael Dukakis asserts himself and makes it clear that neither anti-Semitism nor even anti-Zionism will find refuge in the Democratic Party, unless Jesse Jackson frees himself from the biases to which he is still vulnerable, these haters will have their way—if not this time then next. But the abandonment will not only be by the Jews. It will be evident that the party had deserted its own ideals and its own faithful.

What's wrong with cutting nuclear weapons by 50 percent.

THE END OF ARMS CONTROL

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

IN THE 1970s, the conservative opposition to arms control was based as much on psychology as on strategy. Whatever the strategic effects, argued opponents, arms control had disastrous psychological effects. It lulled the West into a false sense of security about Soviet intentions, encouraged passivity to the Soviet threat, and led to a weakening of Western resolve and defenses.

There is some truth to this argument, but not much. Arms control alone should not bear the full weight of blame for the silly euphoria about the Soviets that swept the West in the '70s. The euphoria was part of the general atmosphere of détente that was created by frequent and chummy summitry, by increased trade and other cooperative ventures (like the absurd Soyuz-Apollo lovefest), and by the (Western) assumption that all geopolitical competition and conflicts would be newly subjected to mutual restraint. Arms control was but a small part of the story.

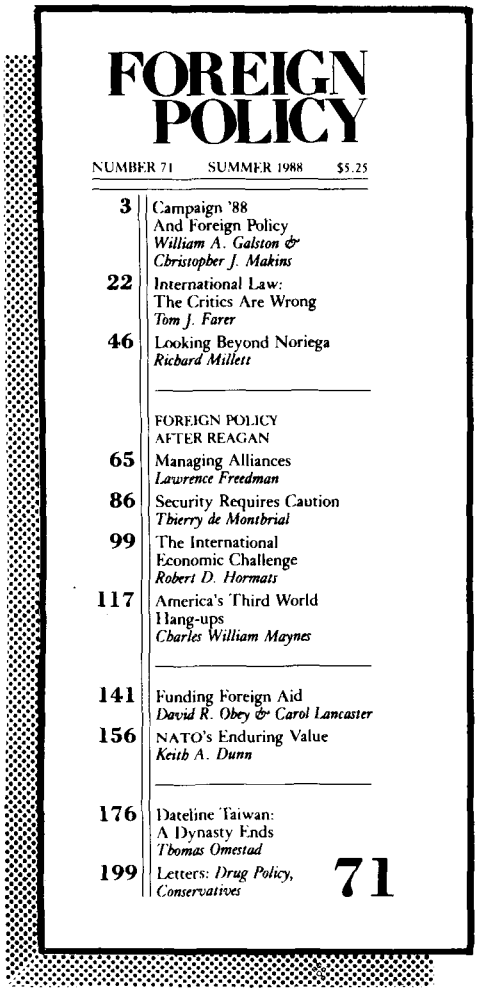
Moreover, even if arms control does lull, some lulls are worse than others. The 1970s lull turned out to be rather unilateral. While the West rested, the Soviets vigorously expanded both their overseas empire and their nuclear advantage. (Hence Harold Brown's immortal definition of the arms race: "When we build, they build. When we cut, they build.") The coming decade, however, will be quite the reverse. Having bitten off too much, the Soviets are in a period of at least temporary consolidation. Even if the worst of the charges laid at arms control are true, some Western relaxation in a period of Soviet relaxation is not a mortal danger. The costs might well be worth bearing, assuming there are other benefits to arms control.

Finally, before rejecting arms control for its negative psychological effects, consider its positive psychological effects. Any agreement, no matter how bad, shores up at least temporarily Western belief in deterrence. "The more compelling arguments for reducing nuclear weapons tend to be political," writes Joseph Nye. "The marginal effects such cuts may have on strategic stability are far less important than ensuring a broad base of public support for nuclear deterrence." Recent history has borne this out dramatically. The early '80s saw a vast mobilization against nuclear weapons and deterrence. With the resumption of arms talks, the agreement on INF, and the prospect of a START treaty, the movement fizzled. If arms control helps keep the West committed to deterrence, at the cost of some lulling, then perhaps it is worth the bargain.

But what if these "political," i.e., psychological, effects are based on illusion? Arms control is reassuring because Western publics believe that nuclear treaties reduce the chances of nuclear war and thus make the world safer. What if this belief is false? If nuclear reductions, such as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... A VANGUARD JOURNAL ..."


FOREIGN POLICY
NUMBER 71 SUMMER 1988 $5.25
3 Campaign '88 And Foreign Policy
William A. Galston & Christopher J. Makins
22 International Law: The Critics Are Wrong
Tom J. Farer
46 Looking Beyond Noriega
Richard Millett
FOREIGN POLICY AFTER REAGAN
65 Managing Alliances
Lawrence Freedman
86 Security Requires Caution
Thierry de Montbrial
99 The International Economic Challenge
Robert D. Hormats
117 America's Third World Hang-ups
Charles William Maynes
141 Funding Foreign Aid
David R. Obey & Carol Lancaster
156 NATO's Enduring Value
Keith A. Dunn
176 Dateline Taiwan: A Dynasty Ends
Thomas Omestad
199 Letters: Drug Policy, Conservatives
71

A Quarterly published by THE CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE

"Foreign Policy is a vanguard journal in the attempts to redefine post-Reagan U.S. foreign policy, reflecting the strategic views of a large section of the political community. As this becomes a center of debate in 1988, Foreign Policy will continue to be important reading."

—The 1988 Media Guide

BE A PART OF THE DEBATE!

Subscribe to Foreign Policy Today and Save 25%.
Four issues for $15.75.
Box 984 • Farmingdale, NY 11737
Or call (202) 797-6428 TODAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the 50 percent reduction contemplated in the coming START treaty, actually leave us less safe, should we be signing treaties merely to satisfy irrational, if popular, beliefs?

Thomas Schelling, one of the first and most acute of this country's thinkers about nuclear weapons, several years ago asked the emperor's new clothes question about arms control: "Who needs arms control if economical and reliable retaliatory weapons are available that are neither susceptible to pre-emption nor capable of pre-emption?" It is the kind of question only a child, a neophyte, or a sage with the benefit of 30 years of nuclear jesuitics behind him could ask. "On the 'arms control' interest in reducing numbers [of nuclear weapons]," writes Schelling, "nobody ever offers a convincing reason for preferring smaller numbers." No one does, and yet the enthusiasm for the 50 percent reductions envisioned in the START treaty (if the bugs, such as verification, can be worked out) is nearly universal. As we begin the ostentatious dismantling of INF missiles and anticipate the dawning of the START era, it is time to pause and return to Schelling's question: Why exactly are we embarked on this enterprise?

THE POPULAR faith in arms control—the belief that cutting numbers is in itself a good thing—rests on three assumptions.

1. Arms control saves money. If arms control saves money, the sums are negligible. Generally speaking, however, it may increase defense expenditures. This is because treaties like START decrease stability (the survivability of one's deterrent force) by eliminating redundancy. In order to regain the *pre-existing* level of nuclear stability, the United States will be forced under START to overhaul, reconfigure, and redesign drastically its strategic nuclear arsenal in order to make it a survivable and reliable retaliatory force. START will create such pressure to cut the number of America's best retaliatory weapons—ICBMs, SLBMs (submarine-launched ballistic missiles), and ALCMs (air-launched cruise missiles)—that a myriad of proposals are already on the table for redesigning the U.S. strategic deterrent to maintain its survivability. At sea, this may mean a new fleet of smaller submarines, so our reduced SLBM force is spread over more boats. In the air, it may mean a heavy reliance on manned bombers, which are extremely expensive but practically unregulated under START "counting rules." On land, it may mean redesigning old or inventing new systems that are mobile, superhardened, or otherwise protected (by some version of SDI, for example) to compensate for the loss of safety in numbers. All that costs money.

But even if START led to no increase in nuclear expenditures, it would certainly lead to an overall increase in defense expenditures. That is because nuclear arms control puts more of a burden for deterrence on conventional defense. The most ardent arms control advocates not only recognize this fact, they celebrate it. Michael Dukakis, for example, opposes almost all nuclear modernization but wants still to appear tough on defense. He therefore goes to extraordinary lengths to advocate bolstering conventional defenses. In a speech to the Atlantic Council in June, Dukakis went so far as to declare the goal of developing the ability "of fighting—and winning—a conventional war" in Europe, something the Europeans, who have experienced two conventional wars this century on their soil, are no doubt delighted to hear. Conventional deterrence may or may not be as effective as nuclear deterrence in preventing war (again: the history of this century is hardly an argument for conventional deterrence), but one thing is certain: it is far more expensive. The same bang will require many more bucks.

2. Arms control prevents accidents. Another illusion. As Nye points out, "The sheer number of weapons is not the major factor governing the odds of accidental war." The crucial factor is the technical sophistication of the nuclear weapons and their trigger mechanism. And this improves as new systems are introduced. If your life depended on its reliability and accuracy, would you rather trust in a vacuum-tubed Univac computer circa 1958 or in five hand-held Sharp calculators circa 1988? The key to reducing the chances of accidental war is nuclear modernization, not numbers reduction.

3. Arms control reduces the risk of nuclear war. Our intuition tells us that the fewer nuclear weapons in this world, the less our chance of getting killed by one. That intuition does not stand up to the most elementary analysis. Schelling dispatches it quite succinctly: "For the most part, people simply think that smaller numbers are better than bigger ones. Those who believe we already have ten times what we need never explain why having merely five times as many should look better." The nuclear hysteria of the early '80s was generated by the repeated reminder that we had constructed for ourselves a world in which Armageddon could occur at any minute. But what can arms control do to prevent that? You either reduce the number of weapons below the level that can bring Armageddon, or you don't. If you do, then you have abolished deterrence and ushered in a period of nuclear insecurity and instability unknown since the earliest days of the nuclear age (when bomb shelter drills were not the silly exercises they appear to us today). And if you don't reduce nuclear arsenals below the point at which you can destroy the other side once over, then what's the point of arms control? The balance of terror persists. The nuclear nightmare is in no way abolished.

There is only one circumstance under which reducing numbers, say a 50 percent cut, makes sense: as a way station to zero. But except for President Reagan and a few other nuclear naïfs, no one thinks that zero nuclear weapons is either achievable or desirable. In a world of total disarmament, the premium on cheating, hiding, and secret rearmament would be extraordinary. Lacking a retaliatory threat, every country would be at risk from nuclear breakout and blackmail by every other country. In a world of Qaddafis and Khomeinis and Saddam Husseins, ignoring for the moment the Soviets, there could not be a more unstable nuclear regime. Not even Hobbes could have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imagined a world of such perpetual danger and universal insecurity.

In the absence of world government (a nightmare of a different sort), we will have to rely on deterrence for safety against nuclear (and chemical and biological) attack for generations. Safety depends on deterrence, and, all things being equal, there is safety in numbers. The more nuclear weapons you have, scattered in more places, delivered in more ways (to complicate defenses), using a greater variety of physical principles (ballistic missiles, cruise missiles, gravity bombs), the less the chance that any adversary would ever consider a pre-emptive nuclear attack on you—i.e., the less the chance of nuclear war. There is safety in redundancy. Arms control, if taken seriously, aims to reduce that redundancy.

NOW, ALL THINGS are not always equal. Some kinds of nuclear weapons are more destabilizing to the nuclear balance than others. Arms control that specifically reduced or eliminated these destabilizing weapons might be worthwhile. The House Armed Services Committee report on START sets out clearly the criterion for evaluating any arms control regime. The chief purpose of arms control, it argues, is "to improve what is called crisis stability and thereby reduce the possibility of nuclear war. Stability is achieved when it is unlikely that either side will strike pre-emptively in a time of international crisis. Reductions and limits may or may not promote crisis stability. Those that do are worthwhile." And those that don't are not. The arms control that we are engaged in now—quantitative arms control, number reduction—does not.

Why not?

Nuclear weapons don't launch themselves. People launch them. But there is a sense in which nuclear weapons—or more precisely, their force structure, meaning the way in which they are arranged and protected—can, during a crisis, incline the leaders of one side or the other to launch. If a leader thinks that his military power is in danger of being pre-emptively destroyed, he may, if he reaches a point where he thinks war is inevitable, be tempted to launch his own weapons pre-emptively. If his weapons had not been structured so that his choice in a crisis was only "use 'em or lose 'em," he would have no such temptation.

If arms control is to have any point, other than to salve consciousness or appease public opinion, it must increase nuclear stability. One has to ask, therefore, what any agreement does to force structure. How will the nature of the nuclear arsenals on the two sides be changed by an arms control agreement? And will that change make pre-emption (a first strike) more or less likely in a crisis?

Absolute numbers tell you very little about crisis stability (except for the rule that the more launchers you have and the more dispersed they are, the better). What counts for crisis stability is a ratio: the ratio of A's accurate warheads to B's targets, such as missile silos. If A has many more warheads than B has targets, then A could in a crisis launch (or better: threaten to launch) a fraction of its arsenal in a pre-emptive attack, wipe out B's retaliatory force, and still have enough warheads left over to force B to capitulate. If, on the other hand, the ratio of warheads to targets is 1, then there is no incentive for and thus no threat of pre-emptive attack. War may one day come, but the configuration of the superpowers' arsenals will in no way have contributed to it.

WHAT DOES the 50 percent reduction of START do to the crucial warhead/target ratio? "All experts agree," writes Henry Kissinger, "that if existing U.S. strategic forces are cut by 50 percent, the vulnerability of the land-based and submarine-based strategic forces will increase immediately and mount progressively as the accuracy of Soviet missiles and the effectiveness of Soviet anti-submarine forces grow." Kissinger does the calculation for you: "Today the Soviet Union has 3,080 SS-18 warheads aimed at 1,000 U.S. silos. After START, assuming the United States retains its most effective weapons, the Soviets would have 1,540 warheads aimed at 364 silos, thereby raising the ratio of warheads to silos from 3.08:1 to 4.2:1. It is hard to argue that such a result would be a contribution to 'stability.'"

James Woolsey, former undersecretary of the Navy under President Carter, points to another source of increasing vulnerability of the U.S. nuclear arsenal. The 1983 Scowcroft Commission Report, which Woolsey helped write, argued that the ICBM leg of the triad was not yet in danger of pre-emption because of the difficulty the Soviets would have in launching a simultaneous attack on both American bomber bases and ICBM silos. "That was a position that was described by some of media at the time"—TNR included—"as doing away with the window of vulnerability," argues Woolsey. "It was no such thing—it was saying that we had more time to shut the window of vulnerability than some people had been suggesting." Now, argues Woolsey, that time is running out. The Soviets are about to open the window wide with their new fleet of quiet Delta 4 and Typhoon submarines, whose new SSN-20 and SSN-23 missiles could be drawn up close to American shores and simultaneously attack the land and air-based leg of the American nuclear arsenal in the 1990s.

"Arms control is not creating these problems," writes Woolsey. "What is creating the problem is not having a survivable ICBM force. But this type of pressure, under a deep reductions regime for arms control, can, at the margin, make the problem harder." What makes it harder is that under a 50 percent cut, it makes sense to cut the oldest, least reliable, least accurate weapons, such as the silo-based, single-warhead Minuteman II, of which the United States has 450. That would leave the United States its most accurate, most modern weapons. But they are highly MIRVed, i.e., they carry many warheads per missile. That means fewer targets for the Soviets to think of pre-empting in a crisis. And that means more, not less, nuclear instability.

Now, to avoid this obvious consequence of START, there are schemes for creating more baskets for our nuclear eggs. But they are costly and complicated. Minuteman II, for example, could be redesigned to make it more safe and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accurate. There are schemes for building a new fleet of smaller subs so as to disperse our submarine deterrent. Or for plugging up some of the missile tubes on existing Trident subs and thus enabling us to deploy more subs without breaking START limits on SLBMs. It is possible that after chopping up subs and sealing missile tubes, after restricting or destroying some of our most modern nuclear weapons, after rebuilding and redesigning our ICBM and bomber forces and perhaps building a whole new submarine fleet, we might return to the level of nuclear stability that we enjoy right now. The question is: What's the purpose of this enormous, expensive, uncertain Rube Goldberg exercise?

The only point is to reduce absolute numbers. But the goal of any defense policy should be nuclear stability. Absolute numbers, in themselves, are irrelevant.

INDEED, reduced numbers can easily become the enemy of stability. How? One essential requirement for arms control is verifiability. If you can't verify and confirm what weapons the other side has, the whole arms control enterprise collapses. Which leads to the paradox. Small, concealable weapons are bad for arms control because they are hard to verify. But they are good for stability, because they are hard to target. Both effects stem from the same cause: these weapons are hard to find. And if you can't find a weapon, that means that you can't count it for arms control purposes, but it also means that you can't target it for first-strike purposes. Which means it is always there for retaliation.

Because of the verification problem, the United States took the position at the START talks that mobile missiles should be banned or severely restricted. And the Soviets took the same position vis-à-vis sea-launched cruise missiles. (The argument over SLCMs and the mobiles shows how the arms control is less a search for nuclear stability than it is a struggle for unilateral advantage. Both SLCMs and mobiles pose severe verification problems. But the United States wants to cripple only mobiles and the U.S.S.R. wants to do the same only to SLCMs. Why? Because the Soviets have a big lead in mobiles and the United States has a big lead in SLCMs.) If arms control is your objective, then it makes sense to ban these weapons. But if strategic stability is your objective, then you would want as many of these running around as possible since they are virtually invulnerable.

"Almost all experts agree," writes Kissinger, "that mobile missiles are to all practical purposes unverifiable in the vast expanse of the Soviet Union." Senator Al Gore disputes this and has come up with an elaborate scheme for corralling missiles in various locations and in effect chaining them to fixed missile silos during peacetime. That way they can be counted. But, of course, that way they can be targeted. And suddenly unchaining and dispersing them in a time of crisis would be a disastrous impetus toward nuclear war, comparable to the European mobilizations of August 1914 that set in train World War I. The Air Force has a similar idea of chaining the small mobile ICBM to existing Minuteman silos in the northern states. Brent Scowcroft, John Deutch, and Woolsey point out that this would leave the missiles vulnerable to "rather straightforward Soviet efforts to put them at risk—e.g., depressing the trajectory of Soviet submarine-launched missiles, thus enabling them to catch the northern-deployed mobile ICBMs before they could get far enough from their known parking spots."

Gore recognizes these difficulties and argues for a very elaborate scheme whereby a certain percentage of mobile missiles would be allowed to roam free and exercise in peacetime. But the problem recurs: the fewer mobiles that are allowed to roam around, the more vulnerable the ICBM force becomes to pre-emptive attack. And the more mobiles that are allowed to roam around, the more unverifiable becomes any treaty.

But who cares about verifiability? What's the point of restricting mobiles with arms control? Single warhead mobiles, such as the Soviet SS-25 and the U.S. Midgetman, are so stabilizing that the more deployed on both sides the better. "If the United States had a survivable mobile ICBM," write Scowcroft, Deutch, and Woolsey, "the Soviets would need so much throwweight to attack it (it would require a massive barrage attack) that any cheating they could do by covertly deploying mobile ICBMs themselves would be strategically insignificant."

The verification problem is even worse with another very stabilizing nuclear system, the SLCM, easy to hide and too slow for use as a pre-emptive weapon. It is the perfect retaliatory weapon. But there is no known way to verify SLCMs, which is why the United States wants them left out of any START treaty. If that happens, it might be the best thing to be said about START.

THERE IS another way in which verifiability becomes an enemy of stability. It involves what are called "counting rules." There is no way to know how many warheads one side actually puts on a missile. In the past, therefore, each side had to count the maximum number of warheads that *could* be put on a missile against its arms control ceiling, regardless of how many it *actually* put on the missile. For example, if the American D-5 SLBM was tested with ten warheads, each missile would count as ten regardless of how many the United States actually put on the D-5. This approach is a service to verifiability, since no verification of warhead numbers is required. But this approach is destabilizing because it pushes each side to pack as many warheads onto a missile as possible. It thus increases the ratio of warheads to targets. If you are being counted for the maximum number of warheads, you might as well pack them on. But packing multiple warheads onto missiles is one of the chief sources of nuclear instability today.

The Washington summit came up with a solution for START. Henceforth counting rules would be negotiated. The D-5 missile is now agreed, arbitrarily, to be carrying eight warheads even though it can carry ten. Similarly, the Soviet SSN-23 will be counted as carrying four missiles, even though it has been tested to carry eight to ten. What these artificially low counting rules do is allow each side to spread its deterrent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

force over more missiles, which makes for more redundancy, which makes for more stability. Fine. But what happened to verifiability? Under arbitrary counting rules, the number of warheads each side thinks the other has becomes utterly unverifiable and thus can be significantly underestimated. There is no way to know whether the Soviets have four or ten warheads on the SSN-23. This antagonism between verifiability and stability is insoluble. The best that can be said for the new counting rules is that, given the choice, they sacrifice the requirements of arms control to the requirements of stability. That's more than can be said for the proposals to ban or limit mobiles and SLCMs.

Dramatic quantitative arms control is a threat to stability for yet another reason. Large numbers promote stability because they provide each side with a cushion in case it miscalculates the size of the other side's threat or in case the other side suddenly increases its threat by means of a technological breakthrough or cheating. If one side makes a technological breakthrough, say in anti-submarine or in anti-ballistic missile warfare, that could put the other side's deterrent in jeopardy. The more redundancy that side has both in that threatened system and in others, the less such a technological breakthrough matters—and the more stable the nuclear balance.

Numerical arms control works the other way. The more the number of weapons is reduced, the more the premium on technological breakthrough or cheating. Suppose both sides have 10,000 warheads and one side conceals 1,000. In strategic terms, that means nothing. But suppose both sides, thanks to arms control, have only 500 warheads and one side is hiding 1,000. It has achieved clear nuclear superiority and the capacity—and the incentive—for preemptive attack in a crisis. The more deeply nuclear arsenals are cut, the more cheating matters, the more the safety of the world comes to depend on airtight verification. But why depend on inherently imperfect verification regimes? Schelling's question returns: "Who needs arms control if economical and reliable retaliatory weapons are available?"

AT THE beginning of the 1980s, agitation over the nuclear issue reached its peak, when it became an axiom that nuclear arms control was the most important issue of the day. In fact, the lessons of 40 years show that arms control between the great powers may be the least important issue of the day. Great powers do not use nuclear weapons. Both superpowers have now lost very costly and painful wars against very weak Third World adversaries that have no nuclear weapons. Neither superpower came close to exercising its unilateral nuclear advantage. In the very early years of the nuclear era, it was still possible to think of a great power using nuclear weapons. Hiroshima did, after all, occur. But Hiroshima drew its model from World War II strategic bombing. "Little Boy" was conceived by the United States as a way to concentrate a whole bomber fleet's weapons into one package. But thanks to the vast numbers of nuclear devices on both sides and the dazzling variety of systems for delivering them, the great powers have come to recognize that their nuclear arsenals are useless as actual instruments of war.

Not all countries have come to that recognition, however. The real threat for the future will come from tiny arsenals in the hands of unstable powers. There the Hiroshima model still applies. Iraq used poison gas against Iran and might very well have used nuclear weapons had it not been stymied by Israel's uniquely energetic non-proliferation policy. All the more reason for the great powers to retain overwhelming arsenals as a deterrent against attack by unstable and demonstrably barbaric states.

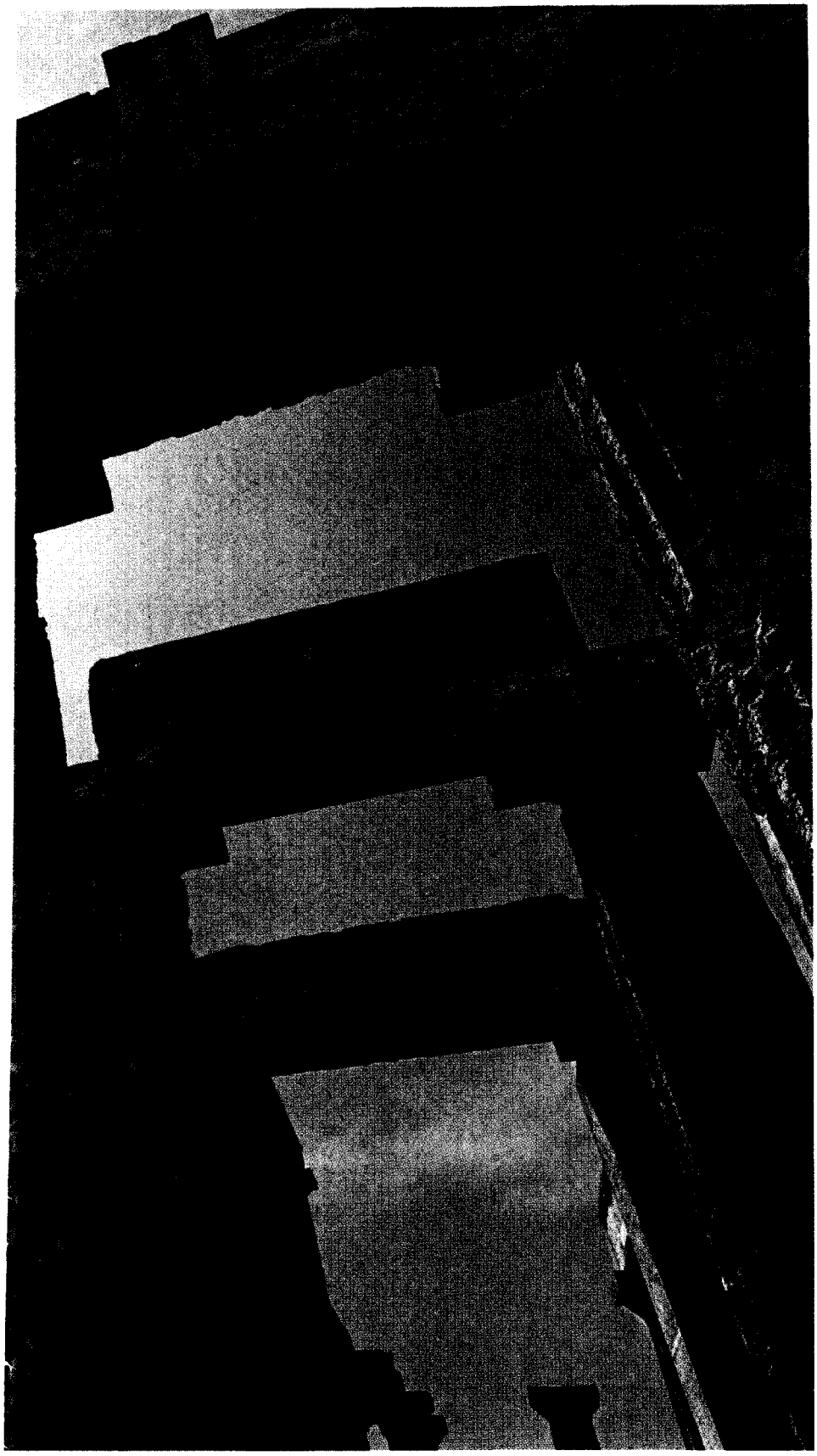
Superpower arms control has concerned itself almost exclusively with capping or reducing numbers. This exercise has always been a bit of a charade. The one exception is the ABM Treaty, a rare example of qualitative arms control that banned not only a class of weapons (so did INF, to little effect) but an entire concept of nuclear warfare, namely nuclear defense. Apart from ABM, most arms control has accomplished very little. The offensive weapons caps of SALT I and SALT II did little to change the likelihood of war. To the extent that force structure can promote or undermine crisis stability, they might have marginally increased the likelihood of war because they created incentives for MIRVing. But in the end, the real determinant of war is the degree to which the interest and values of the superpowers conflict and the degree to which either side is prepared to risk war to advance those interests and values. Nuclear force structure has a marginal effect. The absolute number of nuclear weapons has none.

THE GREAT gestures and ostentatious treaties capping these numbers are public events conducted largely for political reasons, i.e., to satisfy the popular faith that numerical cuts make a real difference in reducing the risk of nuclear war. In fact, these weapons make convenient bargaining counters precisely because they are so unusable. They are like poker chips with no bank behind them. That is why they served as the subject of choice for superpower negotiations during the first 40 years of the cold war, when the superpowers were so antagonistic that there was nothing else to talk about. Nuclear arms control created the illusion of agreement and provided a choreography of conciliation without really changing anything on the ground. The main purposes of arms control was to symbolize the lessening of tension between the superpowers. It could do that well because the agreements concerned something abstract and airless. Arms control worked best when—and because—it was useless.

Arms control is thus a legacy of the infancy of the cold war. It gave the illusion of reducing the threat of war. But the real issue, the real potential cause of war is decidedly non-nuclear: it is the conflict of interests and ideology that plays itself out in geopolitical competition and regional conflicts around the world. If, as many are saying, the Soviet Union is preparing to enter a new era of relations with the West, then it is time for us both to turn to the real war and peace issues of this world and give up our comfortable, distracting arms control obsession. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Without teamwork, Daedalus would still be just a myth.

According to Greek legend, Daedalus flew from Crete across the Aegean Sea. He soared on wings he made and powered all by himself. Recently, MIT's Daedalus Project re-created his feat but with one important change. Although the seventy-four-mile journey was a solo flight, the engineering and technology were a team effort.

The companies of United Technologies are proud to have donated more than just financial backing for this historic event. Our divisions worked together on advanced materials and flight engineering too. The experience confirmed the idea that guides our work in automotive, building and aerospace engineering: that no technologies can carry mankind as far as united technologies.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN YOU CALL FOR HELP IN PINELLAS COUNTY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY A THING.

was greatly simplified with the
e 911 emergency phone
ng to get essential
allers in distress
onse by precious

vital details to emergency crews the instant 911 is dialed. Integrated systems like this one in the Clearwater, Florida area conserve costly emergency equipment, keep neighborhoods safer, and bring life-saving help speeding on its way in seconds.

For more information, write: Emergency Data Management, McDonnell Douglas, Box 14526, St. Louis, MO 63178.

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

Giving America its money's worth.

INFORMATION SYSTEMS HELICOPTERS TRAINING SPACE & MISSILES MILITARY & COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT FINANCING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Fast and Often Funny

A Fish Called Wanda
(MGM)
Midnight Run
(Universal)

The Monty Python group has broken up. It was inevitable, I guess, since part of their genius was to be young—to extend undergraduate arrogance into the "real" world—and even for these scintillating madmen, postgraduate undergraduate days were numbered. The loss is particularly grim because nothing that the members of the group have done individually since then comes near the mark of MP at its best. The group depended, even the solo antics of its members, on the fact that it *was* a group, on our knowledge that any given moment was only one aspect of a band of cultural-political terrorists. Now, operating singly, or with non-MP others, they lack reference: their work seems to depend on your memory of their past films.

This is true even of the best of the after-MP work, *A Fish Called Wanda*. The screenplay is by John Cleese, from a story he wrote with the director, Charles Crichton. Cleese is in the cast along with Michael Palin, and those two names, plus the Pythonesque title, give the heart an advance flutter. The film is not poor; but it's only a pretty good farce, not a high-level manic assault on all that the audience holds dear.

Wanda does have some slashing in it. Two American crooks, Kevin Kline and Jamie Lee Curtis, cooperate in a London bank heist with some English colleagues, which produces a lot of well-targeted anti-Brit, anti-Yank invective. *Wanda* also shows in retrospect how acute MP was about cruelty. Various sorts of cruelty were essential to MP, but they were always based in anger or useful ridicule, they were never personally vicious. Here a great deal of time is spent mocking a stammerer (Palin) just because of his stammering. One scene in which Kline tortures Palin with chips (french fries) up his nose in order to get him to talk would have been impossible for MP.

Aside from Palin's misconceived character, *Wanda* is well woven, with a gallery of characters whose separate motives make them bang into one another like Chase'em cars in an amusement park. Kline is a consciously theatrical killer-crook, with energies that outrun the intelligence he thinks he has. Curtis, no favorite of mine, is crisply serpentine as a moll who uses sex more deftly than Kline uses knife and gun. Cleese himself plays a successful barrister whose pomp impresses everyone but his bored wife and daughter.

The picture owes much to its director, Charles Crichton, now 78, who has been largely inactive since 1970 and who is best remembered for his Ealing comedies of the 1950s (*The Lavender Hill Mob*, etc.). Crichton was known for his editing and his work with actors; both those qualities shine here. He has given Curtis sharp timing, and he has repaid Cleese's confidence by getting a first-class performance of the barrister from him. Because it happens to be a straight performance in a farce, it's been undervalued. Cleese doesn't give us a cartoon in human form, as he so often did, but a credible man, credibly stripped naked—figuratively and literally—à la Feydeau. That is, the suppressed secret self comically overpowers the public self.

Midnight Run is two films. One is a succession of bright, razor-edge, nutty dialogues between two men. The other is the plot that keeps them together, which is stale and full of boring violent-comic action. The whole is like a 19th-century opera in which the lumpy, stretched story is only an excuse for the vocal numbers.

Robert De Niro is an ex-cop, now a modern bounty hunter. For an L.A. bail bondsman, he tracks down people who have jumped bail so that the bondsman won't lose his investment. De Niro is hired to find and bring back an accountant—Charles Grodin—who stole millions of drug-ring money, most of which he gave to charity, and who jumped bail of five hundred thousand. The FBI has been looking for Grodin for years. De Niro finds him at once, even though the lead was available to the FBI. (Only the first of the plot's leaky details.)

Grodin has been hiding out in Brooklyn. De Niro has to get him back to L.A. by a certain date. Of course there's interference—from the drug overlord who wants to rub Grodin out, from a rival bounty hunter who wants to get De Niro's fee, and from the FBI, irked at being shown up. Attacks and counterattacks in airplanes, on trains, in cars—lashings of car chases—keep the action side of the picture tediously full. In between the explosions of action come the dialogues between the two men traveling across the country together: De Niro, the lean, bitter ex-cop, interested only in the hundred grand he will get for delivering his catch; Grodin, the round-faced, philosophical accountant timorously resigned to being rubbed out by drug hoods before he ever gets to trial. Grodin's shy maneuvers to delay matters (he maintains he can't travel by air, for in-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Boyfriends and Girlfriends. Eric Rohmer's screenplay doesn't come to much, but he and his actors spin this conversation piece exquisitely. (Reviewed 8/1/88)

A Handful of Dust. Merely competent though the two leads are, the ambience and the spiritual tragedy of Waugh's great novel are fixed. (6/27/88)

Pascali's Island. Turkish-Greek-British intrigue on an Aegean island, 1908. Soft script, but Ben Kingsley is superb, Charles Dance and Helen Mirren colorful. (8/8&15/88)

A World Apart. Barbara Hershey, Jodhi May, Linda Mvusi—a South African activist, her teenage daughter, their black maid—are excellent in this moving though politically somewhat nebulous screenplay. (7/18&25/88)

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stance) and his incongruous concern for his captor (he reproves De Niro for his high cholesterol intake) eventually affect his captor and us.

The entertaining tickle in their scenes is due first to George Gallo's dialogue, which, in its gritty diction, rhythmic counterpoints, and whimsical shifts is derived—effectively—from David Mamet. (The two men narrowly escape from a gun fight. Next we see them in long shot walking along a country road. Grodin is explaining to De Niro what lyonnaise potatoes are.) Second, Martin Brest, whose previous claim to immortality was *Beverly Hills Cop*, keeps the pace brisk. Further, he helps Grodin to his best performance to date—calmly humorous, with small gestures and tentative inflections. It's American urban-interior acting in the mode of Albert Brooks in *Broadcast News*.

If Brest was lucky, he also had something to do with De Niro's performance. But De Niro seems to be on his own—a wolf caught in a comedy, twisting, snarling, snapping, lunging, kept from the role by his sense of humor and by the cool professionalism at the root of his behavior. (The character's, that is, De Niro is an actor who shades subtly from role to role: here he's like a dancer revolving in a bright light.

His scene with Grodin, like the Bette Midler Shelley Long scenes in *Outrageous Fortune*, are much better than the film they are in. If only, by some magic, they could have a new plot stitched around them.

Incidentally, *Midnight Run* has more cigarette smoking in it than any American film I can remember since the era of cigarette-danger consciousness began. Why, suddenly, all that smoking?

HERBERT MUSCHAMP ON ARCHITECTURE

The Leaning Tower of Theory

1988 has been a very good year for 1968. From cover stories in *Time* and *Life* to features in *Artforum* and *Artscribe*, the media have declared the year's enduring importance, and their interpretations of its meaning for us have been more or less the same. The system survived in 1968. It absorbed the shocks, it withstood the attacks on its integrity. If you live at the *Artforum* end of the world, this message is stated with a twinge of regret; over at *Time*, it is cause for relief.

"Deconstructivist Architecture" is the Museum of Modern Art's inadvertent tribute to 1968. In its presentation of the work of seven contemporary architects, in the way it leads the viewer to experience this work, the show is an exceedingly handsome display of the architectural system's ability to absorb concerted attacks on its integrity. Here "the system" consists of Philip Johnson, the Museum of Modern Art, and the doctrine of formalism that these two venerable institutions have been propounding for more than 50 years. The "attackers," who here appear in the unexpected public role of collaborators, are Frank Gehry, Peter Eisenman, Coop Himmelblau, Daniel Libeskind, Bernard Tschumi, Rem Koolhaas, and Zaha Hadid.

The show is presented in three small galleries, of which the first is devoted to examples of Russian Constructivist architecture, borrowed from the museum's own collection, and presented here as formal antecedents for the contemporary work that follows. Exposed trusses, skewed and tilted planes, twisted structural frames, projecting beams and columns: this vocabulary proposed the building not as a product but as a process analogous to the building of a new society. In the years just after the revolution, Constructivist projects articulated not simply a building's structure, but also the eruption of a new order into the world of tradition that the revolution had set out to overthrow.

The new work selected for this show has been chosen on the basis of its formal resemblance to these projects. Covering a ten-year span, the ten projects on view range in scale from Gehry's home in Santa Monica, remodeled initially in 1978, to Tschumi's Parc de la Villette, now nearing completion in Paris. The show includes projects that display a conscious intention to recall Constructivist forms (Hadid's design for a private club in Hong Kong), those that utilize Constructivist elements as part of a larger composition (Koolhaas's 1982 apartment building and observation tower for Rotterdam), along with work that, like the Gehry house, provokes an unintended echo of the Russian avant-garde.

MOMA's coverage of contemporary architecture has been desultory in recent decades. The late Arthur Drexler, longtime director of the museum's Department of Architecture and Design, made no secret of his animosity toward the post-Modern movement. This new work explodes into the sacred precincts of Good Design with the force of pent-up energy. There is not a dud in the bunch. Yet this is a show that, for better or worse, is different than the sum of its distinguished parts. And, decidedly for the worse, it is a show whose rationale, indeed whose purpose, is to suppress all evidence of that difference in the name of form.

A wall plaque at the entrance to the show reminds us that architecture is a "conservative institution," one that traditionally seeks "to sustain the central cultural values of stability, harmony, and security, of comfort, order, and unity." No news here; architecture wasn't called the gentleman's art for nothing. The news is that the work we are about to see represents a historic break with this conservative tradition. These projects "mark the emergence of a new sensibility in architecture. They radically displace traditional ideas about the nature of the architectural object." A bit inflated, but never mind: the majority of the projects on view at the Modern are indeed among the most challenging of our time, worth almost any amount of hoopla, especially after the museum's long silence. More the pity, then, that what is truly challenging about this work has been neutralized by as conservative a brand of architectural thinking as you are likely to find outside Colonial Williamsburg.

There's an innate conservatism operating in the very idea of such a show. Obviously it is pointless to assemble a diverse group of visual objects into a coherent collection without undertaking to isolate the visual characteristics they share. But to formulate normative criteria for projects that are designed to resist normative values runs the risk of undermining the ideas that brought them into being in the first place. The organizers should have recognized this risk and attempted to counteract it. Instead, they have taken every opportunity to augment it. For example, they did not have to enlist Philip Johnson, the premier power broker

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the architectural profession, to serve as curator, and thus mock the idea that this work radically challenges established values. Nor did they have to devote one-third of the exhibition to the authority of historical precedent, and thus risk obliterating the difference between these architects and the post-Modern historicists whose work they bitterly oppose. Perhaps the show's organizers feel that all this pandering to the status quo is irrelevant to the show's success or failure, since they claim that what is radical about this work resides not in its context, but in the autonomous realm of architectural form; but that claim is the most reactionary part of the whole spectacle.

HERE IS A summary of the thesis propounded by Mark Wigley, the show's associate curator and the author of the catalog essay that introduces this new work to MOMA's audience. Architects have "always" sought to create an architecture of "pure form based on the inviolate integrity of simple geometric figures." It is through the use of these pure forms that architects have sustained the "central cultural values" of order, stability, unity, and so on. For a brief period in the early 20th century, this conservative tradition of cultural stability was shattered by the skewed geometric compositions of the Russian Constructivists. Ultimately, the Russian avant-garde shrank back from pushing their assault on pure form into fully realized buildings. But their attack left a wound that was covered up, but not healed, by the Modern movement's return to formal purity. In the past ten years, the architects in this show have uncovered this wound, and exposed the impurity and the instability repressed beneath the sleek, taut skin of the canonical modern building. The aim of these architects is not, like the post-Modernists, to overthrow Modernism, but rather "to infect" the Modern tradition, to "contaminate" it from within the center of orthodox practice.

What's this thing Wigley has about impurity? The impure seems to hold for him the kind of fetishist value that purity often holds in other extremist ideologies of culture, race, and religion, and I find it just as creepy. His thinking is saturated throughout with a rapturous disregard for the world and its present conditions, and even for the meaning of the work he claims to interpret. It is true that Modern architects have often projected into the world designs of geometric purity. But the origins of this tradition

PHOTO BY WALLY McNAMEE

Unconventional Television

All this week, let C-SPAN take you to the Republican National Convention. C-SPAN will televise the convention **live and in its entirety,** giving you a delegate's-eye view of the whole event.

Like all our programming, C-SPAN's convention telecasts will have **no commercials, no interruptions, and no commentary.** Nothing comes between you and the event—a real "you are there" approach to national issues and the political process.

Throughout the week, we've set aside times when you can **phone in** to political journalists, party officials, and political observers. C-SPAN's unique coverage makes you part of the action.

And, if your schedule doesn't match the Republicans', tune in for C-SPAN's **overnight replays** of each session.

So, for live "gavel-to-gavel" convention coverage, call-in programs, daily replays of convention sessions, and more, join millions of Americans in making C-SPAN . . . Your Campaign Headquarters.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION
LIVE FROM NEW ORLEANS
AUGUST 15-18

C-SPAN AMERICA*S NETWORK

. . . brought to you by the American cable television industry

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are not lost to us in the mists of eternal time. It was a project of French 18th-century architects to free form from representation with the use of geometric forms; and they used these forms not to affirm traditional order, but to challenge it. That is why their work came to be known as revolutionary classicism. Their impulse did not arise from within "the center" of architectural practice. It migrated to architecture from the tracts of Enlightenment philosophers whose ideal of reason, opposed to the status quo, architects then sought to embody.

Nor do the ideas with which Wigley promotes the doctrine of impure form arise from the center of architectural practice (or, for that matter, from Russia during the teens). They have drifted into his impressionable mind from post-structural philosophy as it developed in Paris following the student uprisings of 1968: buzzwords like strategy, agent, intervention, subversion, undermine, disrupt, extremity, enigma; prêt-à-penser modes like the ecstasy over instability and the collapse of meaning; the intoxicating idea that distinctions need not be made between wishes and achievements, between assertions and facts; the stimulating thought that a misreading of history is a creative act.

I AM NOT one of those who think that post-structuralism is phony or worthless. But the sad thing about post-structuralism, as the painter Izhar Patkin remarked to me recently, is that what could have been a valuable tool for analysis ended up instead as just another means of production, a mechanism for grinding out dissertations, pictures, art criticisms, careers. We're supposed to admire this production because of its theory's rigor, but a good deal of the writing turned out by the theory machine since the deaths of Barthes and Foucault is what I call "wigor"—rigor with a rubbery kind of wiggle. Wigor is to intellectual discipline what Barbara Walters is to journalism: an aura of penetrating inquiry wrapped around a fawning over stars.

In the shifting twilight zone of wigorous thinking, it is easy to slip into amnesia and forget that the forms of the 17th-century Baroque (read: irregular, misshapen, imperfect) were used to construct the most authoritarian, centralized architecture the West has ever known. And it is easy to persuade yourself that an imperfect shape is somehow something other than pure form. But where are the impure forms? A circle with a bite taken out of it is no less a figure of pure form than a perfect circle. Wigley writes that these buildings derive their power from the tension between pure and impure form.

It happens that much of the work in this show does build on tension between visual form and other kinds of information. To name but a few of these sources (they are not just speculations on my part): Frank Gehry has absorbed information from the architectural "cuttings" of Gordon Matta-Clark, the fragmented sociology of Southern California tract housing, and the personal narratives of his clients. Peter Eisenman has drawn from a succession of theorists, including Chomsky and Derrida, and from contemporary American sculptors, including Sol Lewitt and Richard Serra. Bernard Tschumi is drawn not only to "the enigma," but also to detection, as in Hollywood thrillers and the stories of Poe. Daniel Libeskind's work reflects his acute interest in the phenomenology of Husserl, and in Husserl's analysis of the origins of geometry in land surveying. Even Zaha Hadid's work, which is the most strictly formal in the show, derives not internally from the center of architecture, but externally from history: from a period of architecture from which she is separated by a century, half a continent, and one or two belief systems.

ALL OF THIS information has been withheld, however, both in the exhibition and in its theory-drunk catalog. And what has been lost in the process is not just the individual histories of these architects and their projects but, more important, the message that they collectively propose. In his 1981 book, *Between Zero and Infinity*, Libeskind stated the message clearly. He stands opposed to the conception of "architecture as autonomous and self-referential discipline, inventing its own tradition through mute monuments." Instead, he proposes to follow an approach that "seeks to explore the deeper order rooted not only in visible forms, but in the invisible and hidden sources which nourish culture itself, in its thought, art, literature, song, and movement." The idea is not that buildings should be little essays on philosophy or movies, or frozen string quartets. It is that a building embodies a crossroads of the channels of information that the architect drew upon to arrive at its form. Like the grid of streets that define its physical location, the building stands at an intersection of ideas that neither begin nor end with its visual form. Meet me at Hollywood and Quine.

In his model for City Edge, an office and residential project for Berlin that resembles a mammoth, squared-off obelisk in the process of being raised to an upright position, Libeskind tried to convey this approach with a collaged surface made of fragments of printed text. But in MOMA's neutral, white gallery space, bereft even of identifying labels, the effect is a bit silly, like a present of scotch that you'd wrapped up in newsprint because you ran out of proper gift wrap.

Of course, the man in the street would not have labels to consult, either. What's the point of all this information if it is not available to the innocent eye? Part of the answer is that, for Libeskind, there is no innocent eye. To a pedestrian walking in the Tiergarten, City Edge might well look like a bunch of old newspapers flying in the wind, and in time perhaps it could become known and cherished as the Flying Newspaper Building, just as Gaudi's Casa Mila became popularly known in Barcelona as "la Pedrera," the Quarry, because it resembles a pile of stones. Libeskind's approach accommodates this. He works consciously with the fact that a building's design is only one chapter of its history, that another chapter begins when it goes up and begins to acquire a mutable symbolism from the projections of observers. City Edge is about that process of contextual weaving—about making architecture open to ideas.

I THINK it's all right, probably even for Peter Eisenman, to look at Eisenman's Biocenter for Frankfurt University and say: what a wild, crazy building. But we don't need a museum catalog to tell us, in so many wigorous words, that "this is a wild, crazy building." To understand why the facility's research pavilions appear to be piling up on each other like a demolition derby, it would be useful to know of Eisenman's unwillingness, in the nuclear age, to transmit intact the Enlightenment rule of reason, of which both research science and canonical modernism are cultural heirs; his reluctance to create a rational architecture to house a compulsive activity with potentially mad effects; and his quirky desire to insinuate his private psychoanalytic history into his public persona. We may not agree with Eisenman that science has lost credibility, that meanings and values have lost their moorings, or that architecture is the appropriate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"INVALUABLE"

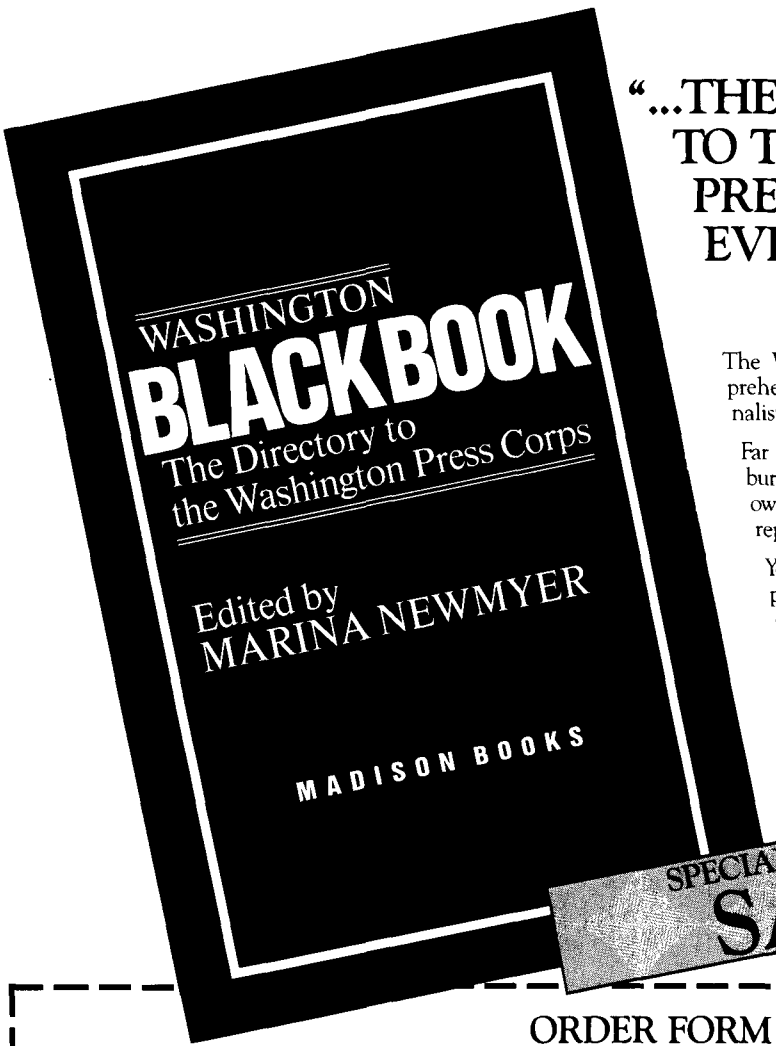
Howard Banks,
Washington Bureau Chief, Forbes

"DEFINITIVE"

John Limpert,
Editor, The Washingtonian

"INDISPENSABLE"

Jonathan Jessar,
Executive V.P., Burson-Marsteller, Inc.



"...THE SINGLE BEST GUIDE TO THE WASHINGTON PRESS CORPS EVER PUBLISHED"

Victor Kamber,
The Kamber Group, Washington, D.C.

The **Washington Black Book** provides the most comprehensive, practically organized information on journalists in Washington available today.

Far more than just a "Who's who", it tells you how the bureaus work, how they interpret their mandate, who owns the publications and the specialized "beats" of their reporters.

You'll find unique "Black Book" pointers on how to place stories with specific publications, exactly to *whom* to address press releases, and whom to query about story ideas.

Updated annually, the Washington Black Book is the *only* source you'll need to have the Washington Press Corp at your fingertips. Order now!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER:
SAVE 10%!

ORDER FORM

TNR

MADISON BOOKS, INC.
4720 Boston Way
Lanham, Maryland 20706
(301) 459-5308

$84.95 Paperback $_____
$2.50 each Postage and Handling $_____
Maryland residents add 5% sales tax $_____
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____

ALL ORDERS MUST BE PREPAID. MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO MADISON BOOKS.

Payment enclosed
Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____
MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____
_____
Signature Date

Please ship to:
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means to correct the path of reason gone bananas, but at least we should see that this is not depleted post-Enlightenment formalism, that the madness behind the madness was Eisenman's.

YOU CAN MAKE any object look autonomous if you cut away the connective tissue that links it to other ideas. This has been standard operating procedure at the Museum of Modern Art for years. Take an object, drain away its meaning, and hold up this empty husk as though you'd delivered its precious essence. What that leaves us with, in the case of this show, is a collection of exotic-looking figurines, and the strong impression that what has emerged here is not the stifled subversiveness of Constructivism but the English Baroque tradition of adorning pleasure parks with sham pagodas.

Yet this work is not about pagodas, enigmas, and empty containers. It is about reclaiming the critical function that the use of geometric form once connoted. In substituting geometry for historically derived forms, French architects wanted to drain away meanings that supported the hierarchical authority of architecture's traditional patrons. And many architects today, including most of those represented here, have been trying to flush the values of formalism out of forms for *precisely* the same reason: these values are no longer neutral, they are the style of the corporate world. They are the values that permitted Philip Johnson, in his International Style show in 1932, to gut the social aims of Modern architecture, and promote its forms as a new standard of elite taste.

It isn't a crime to make beautiful forms without complex ideas behind them. I don't see much theoretical intensity in Zaha Hadid's work, but her visual intelligence is acute. Hadid's elegant, idiosyncratic graphic style has already made her the Michael Graves of the '80s, an architect exercising wide influence through drawings alone. Students at architecture schools everywhere are adept at making simulated Zahas. And Hadid will not remain a paper architect for long; of the younger architects represented in this show, she seems likely to make the swiftest advance into the world of corporate architecture.

But why insist that her work is subversive? At Bleecker Bob's around the corner, T-shirts emblazoned with early Soviet agitprop designs have been a hot item for several years. Those bold black and red Cyrillic letters look great twisting down the block to the beat of ghetto blasters, and Hadid could make a terrific tower to rise above them. When I say that she has more in common with those kids than with Tatlin, I mean it as a compliment. Why must Johnson and Wigley deny that what we're looking at is a style? Why not just come out and say: it's a style! It's fabu! Because that would really sully the purity of this formalist game, that's why.

Anyone familiar with the wiles of wigor has met the logic that it is good to do a bad show, because of all the attention it will provoke; and the view that it's OK to package work as formalist even if you know better, because who goes to a museum for anything but packaging anyhow, aren't we smart to be working within the system, and what does criticism matter, so long as they spell the names right. Cynicism? Hey, man, we're into a whole new episteme.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

The Letters of Edith Wharton
edited by R. W. B. Lewis and Nancy Lewis

(Scribners, 654 pp., $29.95)

There has never been another major figure in American writing remotely like Edith Wharton. Born Edith Newbold Jones during the Civil War in New York's tiny, severe, already exhausted mercantile "aristocracy," married off at 23 to the neurasthenic sportsman Edward Wharton, who on their many journeys through Europe carried a thousand-dollar bill in his wallet "in case Pussy wanted something," she was a self-educated bluestocking of the most severe tastes and ideas of moral character who turned out to have a correspondingly great gift for novels of manners, status, and class. In the 1920s, when she was recognized as one of themselves by "new" writers like Sinclair Lewis and Scott Fitzgerald, she added to her already considerable income by serializing novel after novel in the women's magazines.

After she gave up her palatial estate "The Mount" in Lenox, Massachusetts, Edith Wharton more or less settled permanently in France—first in Paris's aristocratic Faubourg St-Germain, then in homes outside Paris and on the Riviera. She wrote regularly each morning, published a book a year. But her social life, as these letters sometimes breathlessly testify, was an opulent, madly whirling succession of "visits" and relentless journeys in her famous "motor" replete with chauffeur, which both enthralled and frightened her great friend Henry James, and provided swooping, devouring impressions of landscape more familiar to our speedy period than to hers. These went straight into her letters, helped to sharpen and tone up her already considerable gift for rendering external detail.

One is ever astonished by Edith Wharton's steady literary output in the midst of such an ostentatious and madly fashionable social life. Her English admirer Percy Lubbock said in his *Portrait of Edith Wharton*, "But I had never seen a writer in our old world who kept such state as she did." There was a lot of loneliness to fill up even before she managed, after 28 years, to divorce "Teddy" Wharton. One unexpected side of these letters is her gratitude for every fresh show of consideration, unexpected because of the driving, often scornful force of her talent, and an effectiveness in the general business of life that astounded people.

Edith Wharton had one great physical love affair during her marriage, with the American Morton Fullerton, who was in France for the London *Times*. Unfortunately Fullerton was as unaccountable and finally unresponsive as he was alluring, and broke her heart. "I was happier before I knew you." Her passionate letters to Fullerton are the most personal, most openly emotional letters in the collection, and quite a change from the "twaddle of mere graciousness," as Henry James calls it somewhere, so routine in the social correspondence of Wharton's international set. There are no letters to the international lawyer Walter Van Rensselaer Berry, her "adviser and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

companion" for 30 years, as R. W. B. Lewis describes him. Berry meant more to her than any other man—she is buried near him at Versailles—but apparently was not the marriageable type. After his death in 1927, Wharton sought out and destroyed some 400 of her letters to him.

There are letters and letters here—all on the highest plane of culture—to Henry James, Charles Eliot Norton, Bernard Berenson, André Gide, Kenneth Clark, and many others only slightly less famous. There are names so redolent of tradition, and of the ultra, ultra life Edith Wharton led in Europe, that it is all a little bit like reading an Anglo-American Proust deep in the Rue de Varenne—Egerton Winthrop, Gaillard Lapsley, Mary Cadwalader Jones, Philomène de Lévis-Mirepoix, Rutger Bleecker Jewett. Though the individual letters tend in their social routine to be very much alike, the collection as a whole makes a sumptuous historical record, annotated to perfection, and fills out R. W. B. Lewis's remarkably informative 1975 biography.

She led a life so interwoven with the leading personalities and events of her day that it is fascinating here to learn of Wharton's friendship with her fellow New Yorker Theodore Roosevelt, to learn more about her feeling for, and generosity toward, Henry James. Although she was early accused of being just his disciple, her mental inclinations were entirely more middle-of-the-road, "sensible," and direct. She adored him as a friend, but could not abide his "late" manner. I was fascinated to discover here her dislike of William James's attacks on positivism and his "religious" sympathies. She disliked his "clan" equally. One wonders how much her worship of Henry James ("the great honor and privilege of my life"), as opposed to her dislike of William, reflects a strain on Henry's part toward his brother that only someone so close to Henry would have known or suspected.

These letters give us a new look at that once routine compulsion of moneyed Americans (especially New Yorkers) to take up permanent residence in Europe. In her autobiography, *A Backward Glance*, Wharton noted that "I have always been perplexed by the incuriosity of New England with regard to the rest of the world, for New Yorkers of my day were never so happy as when they were hurrying on board the ocean liner which was to carry them to new lands." Little Miss Edith Newbold Jones was first in Europe from ages four to eight; a drop in the family income from rented property made it necessary for the clan to live more cheaply abroad. There were to be many more experiences of Europe before she settled there for good.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

What was implicit in this, what became a matter of course, was that *her* America could somehow be abandoned without great fuss, left to "the district boss and the immigrant." Europe was civilization, class, manners. Above all, Europe was art, something that in Europe grew out of the soil but in New York had to be purchased for the Metropolitan Museum or Metropolitan Opera by new-money people definitely without the right names.

Edith Wharton commanded German, French, and Italian. Although there is little sign of it in these letters, which record the social whirl or personal lamentations, she eagerly read science and philosophy, was more of a self-conscious thinker than Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Lewis, and the others. That reflects her European background, as well as her situation: she was a woman forced to educate herself. While traveling with Teddy Wharton in a European railway carriage, she once ventured to call his attention to a passage in some technical book she was reading. He crushingly replied: "Does that sort of thing interest you?"

It is not generally recognized that her own intellectual principles, at least before the "Great War," were severely rationalistic, in sympathy with the positivist science of the 19th century. In her last years (she died in 1937), she evinced the usual sympathy of expatriate Americans for Roman Catholic ritual. Her political sympathies (everything she was hearing of America gave her "terror") became correspondingly lofty. Her immediate response to the Fascist attack on the Spanish Republic was that the country had gone "Red." But earlier in the century, when she produced her masterpiece, *The House of Mirth* (1905), what was actually important to her thinking as a novelist was her belief in "clarity" at all costs, her firm sense of the social mechanics (meaning money) at the heart of her material.

Edith Wharton was routinely, drivingly, unerringly professional. This was almost part of the good form that came with her upbringing, the rigid sense of moral character that was the enduring tradition of her class. She never went down into the human abyss that more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erratic but more genuinely speculative novelists of the same society, like Theodore Dreiser, saw as the American tragedy. Her idea of tragedy, not as operative in her work as her consummate sense of social detail, was about the failure of love and personal isolation. On the other hand, her sense of literature as *her* necessity (the novelist was the only bystander, had the only freedom in this dark necessity of social life) gave her a bright, sharp, thoroughgoing expressiveness, perfectly reflected in the language of these letters. She seems to have been incapable of the slightest awkwardness. It is fascinating to see how her social sense of form combined with her invincible knowledge of just where words should fall. Even in moments of great sorrow, where she is bitterly reproaching Fullerton for his maddening silences, she is as clear as a bell:

> And when you spoke of your uncertain future, your longing to break away & do the work you really like, didn't you see how my heart *broke* with the thought that, if I had been younger & prettier, everything might have been different—that we might have had together, at least for a short time, a life of exquisite collaborations—a life in which your gifts would have had full scope, & you would have been able to do the distinguished & beautiful things that you ought to do? . . .—but remember that *those were my thoughts* when you were calling me "conventional." . . .
>
> . . . My life was better before I knew you.

It was something to become so "French." But Henry James also had even better French from earliest childhood, and it did not keep him from the late wonderful extravagance and giddy impressionism that would have been unthinkable to Wharton, and which in fact repelled her.

As one would expect from so much insistence on clarity and directness, Edith Wharton came to think *Ulysses* pornography and condemned Eliot in the same breath. She was an early admirer of Proust, but lost all patience with him when he ventured more and more detail about Sodom and Gomorrah. She thought Faulkner nothing but incest. Yet she was surprised to be told that she was not up to the "ineffable" in current French writing.

She was not. Her dependence on the bright shining surface of social detail, on the central direction provided by a social topic, her noticeable freedom from the morbidity and open instability of so many literary contemporaries, provided her greatest quality as a craftsman: her solid sense of a book as an exclusive situation, rooted in social necessity, which it was her pleasure and privilege to unravel for the reader. There are no great ups and downs in even Wharton's best books—*The House of Mirth, Ethan Frome, The Custom of the Country, The Age of Innocence*. Everything in these books is on a designated level—meticulously accounted for, plotted, detailed, visible. There is no personal "manner" straining the prose.

IN THESE LETTERS, as in her fiction, you are always aware of someone superbly in control, laying it all out and getting it all down. So what if there is never a hint in the many letters to Bernard Berenson, her "cher maître" up and down the museums and churches of Europe, that life is not all ART, that he was not the immaculate connoisseur he constantly tried to be? When Berenson delighted her by scorning Leonardo's *The Last Supper*, even deriding the figures there as "noisy foreigners," there was obviously no room in their friendship, no way in such an "aesthetic" manner of life, for Wharton to reflect that Berenson calling Jesus and disciples "noisy foreigners" was absolutely the last word in Berenson's futile attempt to replace the Jew in him with the art connoisseur.

With such a sense of limits, of social measure, it is no wonder that as Wharton became more rooted in her story routine of frustrated love, she found it easy to please the *Women's Home Companion*, the *Pictorial Review*, *Redbook*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*. And some of her most vividly constructed and pictured fictions—*Ethan Frome, The Old Maid, The Age of Innocence*—had triumphantly long runs on the stage.

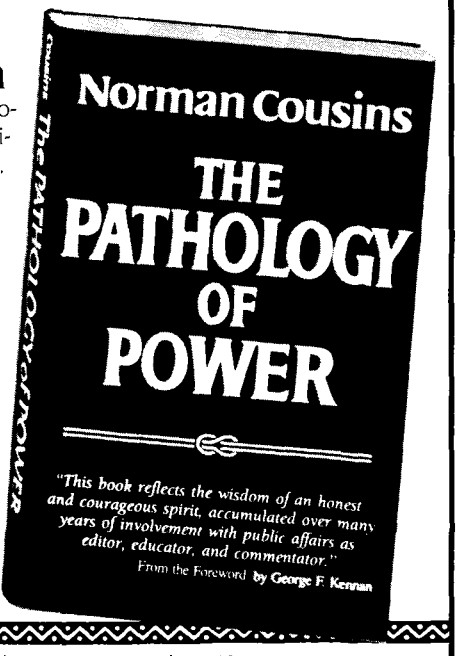
The House of Mirth is an American classic today, acceptable to all classes of readers, especially students who don't much enjoy other American "classics." A classic is a book that survives the circumstances that made it possible yet alone keeps those circumstances alive. If ever there was an extinct society and subject, it is the subject and society of Lily Barth, a pretty, highly marriageable girl who in her class and for her time must make a wealthy marriage, and who finally descends to working for a living, then to suicide, because she cannot imagine any other relationship but such a marriage. *The House of Mirth* is a first-

Behind the Pentagon corruption is a deeper sickness.

"A thoughtful, chilling look at Fortress America
its architects and its victims...A disturbing look at the military state using evidence from committees of Congress, whistle-blowers, and concerned citizens." —*Kirkus Reviews*

"Impassioned, informed, and above all sensible
...required reading for those responsible for our national security." —WRAY HERBERT, *Washington Post*

Now in paperback,
$8.95 at your bookstore


Norman Cousins
THE PATHOLOGY OF POWER
"This book reflects the wisdom of an honest and courageous spirit, accumulated over many years of involvement with public affairs as editor, educator, and commentator."
From the Foreword by George F. Kennan

NORTON
W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10110

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

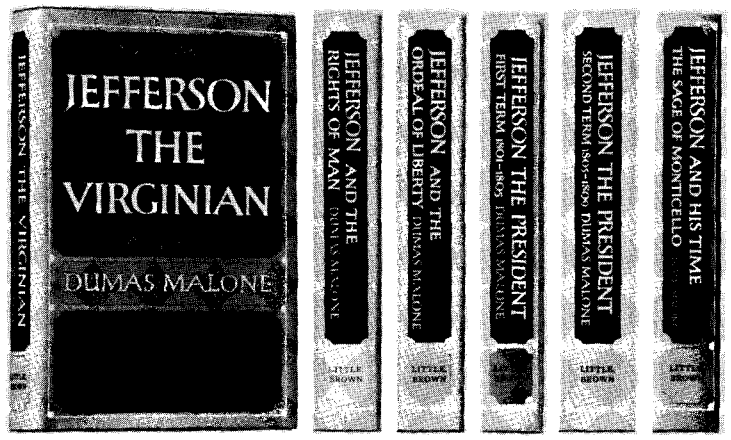
Priceless collections. Big savings.

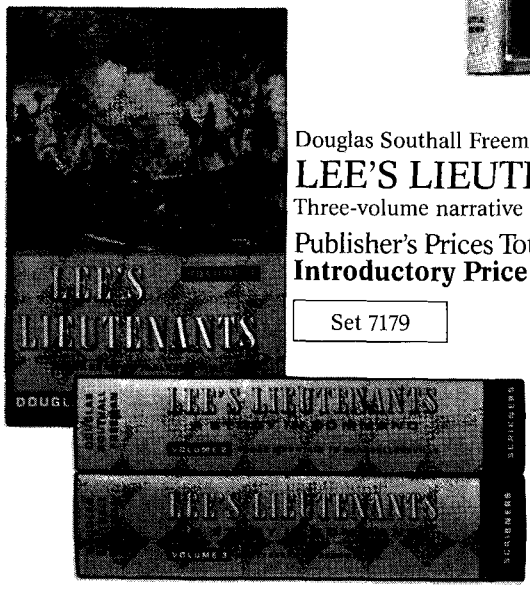
With no risk, no commitment.

Dumas Malone's
JEFFERSON
Six-volume biography

Publisher's Prices Total $121.70
Introductory Price $14

Set 8078





Douglas Southall Freeman's
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS
Three-volume narrative

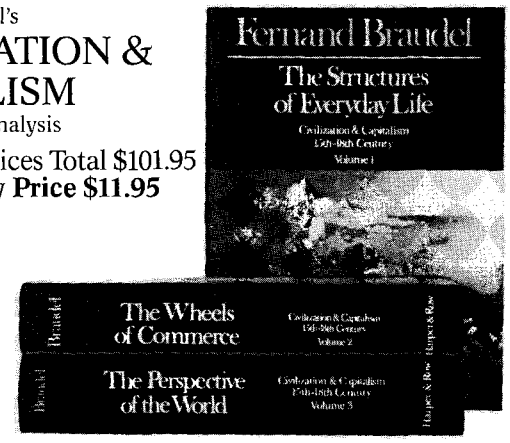
Publisher's Prices Total $90
Introductory Price $20

Set 7179

Fernand Braudel's
CIVILIZATION & CAPITALISM
Three-volume analysis

Publisher's Prices Total $101.95
Introductory Price $11.95

Set 2626



Landmark works. Hailed by readers, historians and critics alike.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that The History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know of offers greater savings—as much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

Your commitment? There is none. Through this special Introductory Offer, you can try The History Book Club with no risk, no commitment. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying The History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Save as much as 30% with low Members' prices. You'll enjoy significant savings off the publisher's price on each selection you make from the 150-200 volumes featured in The History Book Club *Review*, along with the new main title, the "Editors' Choice." The History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

How the Club works. About every four weeks (14 times a year), you'll receive a new issue of our *Review* and a dated Reply Form. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC Guarantee: If you receive an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

Try The History Book Club—and save!
Return the attached coupon today.

The History Book Club
Dept. N
40 Guernsey Street, Box 120012
Stamford, CT 06912-0012

Please enroll me in The History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the multivolume set whose number I have entered in the space below. Bill me at the low Introductory Price, plus shipping and handling.

NU0422XB▲

Set Selection ____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # ____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

MX88D

© 1988 History Book Club, Inc. All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

class book, irreproachable, as perfectly poised on itself (which cannot be said of Wharton's other books) as a theorem in geometry. It is rooted, like her other books, in the social truth that money is the bloodstream of society. Ethan Frome and his great love tried to commit suicide because they lacked 50 dollars to run away.

ALFRED KAZIN

Alfred Kazin's *A Writer's America* will be published by Knopf this fall.

DECADE OF DISASTERS

Condemned to Repetition: The United States and Nicaragua by Robert A. Pastor

(Princeton University Press, 408 pp., $24.95)

Banana Diplomacy: The Making of American Policy in Nicaragua, 1981-87 by Roy Gutman

(Simon and Schuster, 404 pp., $19.95)

An official of the Argentine government recently asked me why, immediately after the Sandinistas came to power in July 1979, the United States had not simply overwhelmed—perhaps more accurately, seduced—them with goodwill, with hundreds of millions of dollars in aid, with planeloads of teachers and the like, maybe even with a few military advisers tucked in. Why hadn't we just flown all of that into Managua in the very hour of euphoria over the downfall of Somoza, and thereby linked them to us politically and militarily? This question was asked by an official of a government that formally hides behind a position of non-intervention in Nicaragua and makes a near-fetish of Latin American unity on the question, publicly anyway.

The United States did provide, of course, generous aid, starting with nearly 2,000 tons of food in the first two weeks; but it never provided the blank check that my Argentine interlocutor thought would have accomplished something. I mentioned a few things like congressional reluctance and Sandinista distrust. His incredulous look showed that he thought those were concerns not befitting a Big Power. Like most Latin Americans, he wishes that the United States had just made the problem go away before it reached its current level of crisis, and he assumes, however erroneously, that the United States had the ability to do so.

In the tenth year of our Nicaraguan agony, it is one of the many questions we ask ourselves—whether we might, indeed, have changed the course of the Sandinistas once they had taken power, whether we might have thus avoided bloodshed, arms-for-hostages, and policy debates that have tied our government in knots. An editor for whom I used to work once put the perplexity more simply. A month or two after the Sandinistas came to power, I returned to Miami from a trip to Nicaragua, and he asked, "How much would it cost to buy them?" I have to admit having been taken aback by the realpolitical nature of his suggestion. Instead, what I had brought back from Managua was the conviction that, if all things remained equal, what was about to occur in the small, dusty setting of Managua would be one of the most intriguing intellectual conflicts of our times. I thought then that the non-Sandinista forces had a chance of surviving, maybe even prospering, if everything else remained equal. Of course, nothing remained equal.

It was a decade ago in September, as he went to Camp David for the Israeli-Egyptian summit, that President Carter first found himself grappling with a suddenly explosive situation in Nicaragua. The crisis in the rule of the Somoza family had been developing for several years, but it took attempted insurgencies that month in five Nicaraguan cities to attract the attention of the highest levels of the American government to a country that had historically been tied to us as few others have been. Two books, by Robert Pastor and Roy Gutman, lay out in straightforward and honest fashion the succeeding ten years of basically idealistic efforts to deal with the situation—efforts hindered by a combination of bumbling, high farce, deceit, and infighting. There is only slight compensation to be had from the fact that we have not been alone in this failing venture: the Nicaraguans—Somoza, the Sandinistas, the *contras*—and a good many other Latin American nations have contributed more than their share to the evolution of this crisis, and to the failure to find a solution. On balance, we may have had the best intentions of all the players, but our mistakes look colossal.

IN THE END, the problem that has nagged the United States, first in the Carter administration and then in the Reagan administration, has been our inability to set our priorities and our goals, and to agree on a path most likely to attain them. We never knew precisely what we wanted. Latin policy has been shifting and unstable, the toy of the extremes, of political adventurers, a victim of sharp gyrations with almost every change of administration.

Was the Carter administration mistaken, for example, in not trying to shore up Somoza, or in not being more aggressive in pushing him out of power in time, hoping to prevent the ascent of radicals? The debate on this point carried over into the Reagan administration, where some still criticize Carter for not having backed Somoza. Others, including the architects of the Philippine policy, have taken the lesson of Nicaragua to be that a weakened, friendly authoritarian ruler should get a determined assist from the United States in departing, on the theory that if such a ruler exits soon enough, the rise of a regime such as the Sandinistas can be avoided. What has most hampered this administration, however, has been its lack of consensus on whether to make a stand for internal pluralism and democracy, or to be satisfied with getting concessions to the security concerns of the United States and the region, including a halt to Sandinista support for insurrections elsewhere, particularly in El Salvador.

The debate over whether and how to confront Somoza rendered the Carter administration largely unable to act until events on the ground made its delibera-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FEDERALIST SOCIETY

invites you to its
Second Annual Lawyers Convention

The Constitution and Federal Criminal Law

September 9th and 10th
The Mayflower Hotel
Washington, D.C.

Featuring

Judge Stephen Breyer
U.S. Court of Appeals, First Circuit

Judge James Buckley
U.S. Court of Appeals, D.C. Circuit

Professor Alan Dershowitz
Harvard Law School

Judge Frank Easterbrook
U.S. Court of Appeals, Seventh Circuit

The Honorable Charles Fried
Solicitor General of the United States

Mr. Terence MacCarthy
Chairman-Elect, ABA Criminal Justice Section

The Honorable Edwin Meese, III
Attorney General of the United States

Mr. Charles Murray
Author of *Losing Ground*

and many others

Discussions will include:

Federalism and the Scope of Federal Criminal Law
Truth in the Courtroom and Procedural Safeguards
Equality Versus Discretion in Sentencing
Goals of Punishment
Improving National Drug Policy
Special Debates on the Constitutionality of Capital Punishment and the Special Prosecutor System

To register, or receive more information about the Federalist Society, contact:

The Federalist Society
1625 Eye Street, NW
Washington, DC 20006
(202) 822-8138

Registration Fees

Conference Registration

Member	$20.00
Non-member	$40.00
Non-member, government employee discount	$35.00

(Add $10.00 to fee postmarked after August 15)

Friday evening banquet	$50.00
Saturday luncheon (address by Mr. Meese)	$14.00
Membership (1 year)	$25.00

To reserve overnight accommodations, please directly contact the Mayflower Hotel. Be sure to inquire about the special rate available for those attending the conference.

The Mayflower Hotel
1127 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20036
(202) 347-3000

THE FEDERALIST SOCIETY

"... a potent voice for conservative legal thinking in law schools and in the government."

New York Times, July 23, 1986

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions meaningless. Pastor, who was the Latin American staff expert for the National Security Council during the Carter administration and at the center of the policy dispute, defends the refusal to push Somoza out in late 1978, as Viron P. Vaky, the assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, wanted to do. Pastor believes that it was not completely certain until near the end that Somoza really was going to fall and that an interventionist position could not be justified. It seems obvious in hindsight that Vaky's position made more sense, but Pastor argues persuasively that at the time things were far less clear.

While Pastor and Vaky differed over how far to go in pressuring Somoza, both agreed a transition to a new government was desirable. But there was another line within the administration—basically represented by Zbigniew Brzezinski, the national security adviser—that was more concerned with the further advance of Soviet communism than with the dynamics of Nicaragua or Central America. Even that position, however, did not create a willingness to throw the Nicaraguan National Guard a lifeline. Pastor reveals that the decision to deny American aid to the post-Somoza National Guard was made directly by President Carter (on June 24, less than a month before the Guard collapsed), who contended that the United States would provide military aid only if Latin American governments judged the transition government to be legitimate.

During the last days of Somoza, there was talk within the Carter administration of avoiding a significant transitional or post-Somoza role on the theory that the battle was lost, and that the United States ought not be identified with what was likely to come. Instead, the decision was made to be present in as large a way as possible—a policy that seems to have been shaped more by Lawrence Pezzullo, the activist ambassador on the ground, than by Washington. In an uphill struggle, Pezzullo tried to use aid and a tolerant attitude (plus the occasional venting of the Pezzullo temper) to keep the doors open on all sides.

IN 1981 the *contras* came into existence, and their appearance seemed the logical expression of both the situation in Nicaragua and that in Washington under the new administration. As has been generally true of leftist guerrilla movements in Latin America, the *contras* cannot attribute their origins solely to the people's outrage over repression inside Nicaragua. But their insurgency was not an invention of the United States, either.

Gutman, who is national security correspondent for *Newsday*, presents a history of the origins of the *contra* movement showing that, while it was not exactly born inside Nicaragua, it was largely a Central American creation, not an initiative of the American government. Aside from a few individual Americans with nebulous government ties, the key players were the Argentine colonels who had arrived in Central America on the trail of Montoneros; Gen. Gustavo Alvarez, the Honduran military chief; and an assortment of former Nicaraguan National Guardsmen. The Argentine involvement appears to have had little, if any, encouragement from the Reagan administration, which would have liked to end it but encountered the determination of Alvarez to keep the Argentine advisers.

While events inside Nicaragua may not have been important at the outset of the rebel movement, they later became very important indeed: the *contras'* base of support was dramatically increased, attracting peasants and small farmers angered by Sandinista policies and methods. This development, too, fit the classic pattern of guerrilla armies in Latin America, where an ideologically committed command group looks for a mass of adherents disillusioned over repression by the regime. Gutman quotes Nat Hemrick, who along with John Carbaugh, a former staff aide for Senator

WALKING IN THE MIST

When I was eight or nine, I used to play
that suddenly I'd become invisible.
I'd walk alone down the long school-basement hallway

past the art room, past the big girls' lockers,
the kitchen smelling of bean-steam, tapioca,
the cook's Pall Malls, and tell myself, *all this*

is another dimension, separate from you
till even the scuffed linoleum took on
a radium-dial strangeness, a queer glow—

I had made it happen. No one could see me.
It was like falling off the edge of the world
or coming back again as a ghost to find

everything solid and dense and huge but me.
What did that game mean? Loneliness? A kind
of backward solipsism? Probably

only a silly thrill in scaring myself
that got out of hand: I'd end up panicking
up the stairs in search of anyone who'd

look at me and make me real again.
Walking in mist should be the opposite:
drained of depth and color and perspective

it's trees and stones and thistles that go thin
and sink down into chilly silence. Yet
it doesn't make the difference it should

whether it's you or the world that turns to ghost.
Relation is what matters. When it's broken
it's hard not to suspect that life is just

the clearing you happen to stand in the center of.
No wonder you quicken your steps when you walk in mist
and welcome the sight of even a wrong companion,
a troubled house, so long as it's well-lit.

KATHA POLLITT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jesse Helms, was in early contact with Alvarez and others, saying: "It never was the CIA's secret army or secret war." Hemrick claimed it was handed to the intelligence agency on "a silver platter" by Alvarez and other outside organizers.

THE QUESTION about the aims of American policy—were we exercised about democracy in one Central American country or about security in all of Central America?—arose early in the Reagan administration, when Thomas O. Enders, the new assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, struggling to get control of policy, wanted to create options for a negotiated settlement. He went to Managua in August 1981 and demanded, in a tough exchange with the Sandinista leadership, that Nicaragua cut its ties to the Salvadoran guerrilla front and scale back its own rapid military growth. In exchange, he said, the United States would shut down rebel training operations. There are those who think he was close to getting a deal along these lines, but on his return to Washington he was caught up in the debate on the democratization issue, which led to a gradual hardening of his position toward the Sandinistas.

Gutman believes that the insistence on the internal democratization by many in Washington virtually ruled out a negotiated settlement, then and later. He treats democratization as an aim of the hard right, but that's a Washington interpretation. Anyone closely attuned to the situation inside Nicaragua both before and after Somoza's departure will find it difficult to deny legitimacy to the goal of democracy in Nicaragua. Indeed, democratization was ostensibly one of the reasons for Somoza's departure. (It was set forth in an OAS document.) Abandoning the goal later would have seemed the ultimate hypocrisy.

The Reagan administration fell into support for the *contras* in the absence of a diplomatic policy that was different from the Carter administration's. The combined efforts of the former Guardsmen, the Argentineans, Alvarez, and Carbaugh to create a fighting force seemed to be the only thing happening at a time when the new administration just didn't know what to do. As Maj. Gen. Fred Woerner, who directed planning of the military assistance program in El Salvador and now heads the U.S. Southern Command in Panama, told Gutman: "There is a phenomenon within a bureaucracy. If there is a certain vac-

Introductory $1.00 Offer

Learn About History's Great Insights Every Month!

Featuring narration by Walter Cronkite and Louis Rukeyser.

The wisdom of the *past* can help us better understand the *present* and anticipate the *future*. But how many of us have time to read and study the ideas of classic authors?

For those who don't, *Knowledge Products* has gathered the works of the world's most influential thinkers in an exciting series of audio cassettes.

DRAMATIZED PRESENTATIONS

The Audio Classics are not simply readings of great books — they are dramatized condensations of philosophy, politics, economics, war, and other timeless topics. You'll hear about the lives of classic authors and great historical leaders, the influences on their work, the criticisms and praises of observers, and much more. Each presentation combines the skill and imagination of talented actors with the narration of leading American journalists like ***Walter Cronkite*** and ***Louis Rukeyser.*** The Audio Classics Series™ is an efficient, enjoyable way to acquire knowledge. You can listen to these cassettes again and again with fresh insights and renewed enjoyment each time!

$1.00 TRIAL OFFER

Each month you'll receive almost 3 hours of enlightenment and entertainment, always on a 15-day risk-free trial. You can receive the first selection at the special price of $1.00 (plus $2.00 shipping & handling) — a savings of $13.95! Try the Audio Classics today to stimulate your mind, broaden your horizons, and enrich your life! Simply mail the coupon below or call toll free ***1-800-876-4332.***

Here are some of the classic authors, great ideas and historic events that you'll learn about:

1 THE GIANTS OF POLITICAL THOUGHT
• Jefferson • Paine • Thoreau • Garrison • Smith • Mill • Wollstonecraft • Machiavelli • Boetie • Marx & Engels • Rousseau • Hamilton, Madison & Jay • Burke • Hobbes • Locke • Tocqueville

2 THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION *(narrated by Walter Cronkite)*
• Constitutional Convention • Ratification Debates • Text of the Constitution • Bill of Rights and Additional Amendments

3 THE GREAT ECONOMIC THINKERS *(narrated by Louis Rukeyser)*
• Classical • Marx • Austrian • Marshall • Welfare Capitalism • Walras • Schumpeter • Institutionalism • Chicago School • Free Market • Keynes • Post Keynes • Supply Side/Monetarism

4 THE UNITED STATES AT WAR
• American Revolution • War of 1812 • Civil War • Mexican War • Spanish American War • WWI • WWII • Korean War • Vietnam War

5 THE GIANTS OF PHILOSOPHY
• Plato • Aristotle • Augustine • Aquinas • Kant • Spinoza • Hume • Hegel • Schopenhauer • Kierkegaard • Nietzsche • Dewey • Sartre

6 PLUS, MORE GREAT IDEAS ON IMPORTANT TOPICS OF INTEREST TO YOU!

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-876-4332 Ext. 350
TO START YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY!

☐ YES! Send me, for $1.00 plus $2.00 shipping and handling, Common Sense and The Declaration of Independence, and begin my no-risk subscription to the Audio Classics Listening Library. I will receive an album of two cassettes every month, and you'll charge my credit card $14.95 plus $2 shipping and handling ($4 outside the U.S.) for each album. If I'm ever displeased, I have the right to return the current album within 15 days and owe nothing. I may drop out of the program at any time without penalty.

Introductory Offer $1.00

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Charge my credit card.

☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express

EXPIRATION DATE

ACCOUNT NUMBER

SIGNATURE

KNOWLEDGE PRODUCTS® Customer Service Center
Box 305151 • Nashville, TN 37230

#350H58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uum, there is a sucking-along effect." "In other words," writes Gutman, "the administration more or less drifted into the commitment."

The *contras'* own goals were equally unclear. "Interdiction," meaning the halting of Sandinista support for the Salvadoran guerrillas—the term that would later cause so much trouble—appeared in the three-sentence finding that CIA Director William Casey drafted for the president's signature in late 1981, and that was read to the congressional intelligence oversight committees. Why the term was used seems to be a mystery; it fit nobody's conceptions of the rebel movement. Craig Johnstone, the key foreign service officer handling Central American policy under both Enders and his successor, Langhorne A. Motley, told Gutman that he was "absolutely stupefied" when he heard how the *contra* operation had been described to Congress.

Describing, out of confusion or dishonesty, the function of the rebel operation as "interdiction" led to countless problems. For one thing, there was never that much certainty about the ongoing Sandinista role in supplying the Salvadoran guerrillas, at least after the first burst of aid in 1981. The more significant Sandinista contribution to the Salvadoran guerrilla effort was probably the availability of Managua as a resting place and a source of advice, plus its role as a guerrilla communications center. Gutman says that Gen. Wallace Nutting suggested in 1981, when he was head of the Southern Command, that if the United States seriously felt the need for interdiction, it should commit its own forces. The suggestion apparently went nowhere.

IN RETROSPECT, it's possible to see several points at which some progress toward a solution might have been made over these ten years. There was, again, the missed opportunity to do something before the Sandinistas took power. The next chance, obviously, was during the first year and a half, July 1979 through early 1981, when Pezzullo was ambassador in Managua and there was an aid program that could furnish the United States with some leverage. But Congress and the administration were slow to get involved in the aid program, and it was less than the overwhelming amount my Argentine friend suggested it should have been.

Beyond the matter of financial assistance—there were doubts about whether strongly anti-communist congressmen would have supported a larger package of economic aid—liberal congressmen in particular failed, during those critical years when their pressures might have had an influence on the behavior of the Sandinista Front, to make their own contribution to a settlement.

Some Democrats in Congress and their staffs, as well as many other people and groups seeking to influence policy, seemed much more sympathetic toward the Sandinistas than was the Carter administration itself. It took those people many trips to Managua to determine that the Sandinistas were not, after all, social democrats. (Some of them never did.) That was valuable lost time and valuable lost influence. Congress would have had to be a much more willing partner if "seduction" was to replace "interdiction." Politicians, interest groups, and others who now argue for using internal leverage fail to recognize that when such leverage was available, they were loathe to use it. Had they taken their present position at the outset of the Sandinista regime, the chances of accomplishing something would have been greater.

GUTMAN PUTS considerable emphasis on the Nicaraguan presidential elections of 1984 as an opportunity missed by the United States to test Sandinista intentions. Arturo Cruz, a former high official of the Sandinista government and a respected exile, returned to Nicaragua at the urging of the State Department and considered making a run for the presidency. But his candidacy never came to pass. Cruz's effort was hindered by Sandinista attacks on his campaign rallies and differences within the opposition over whether it wanted to face the Sandinistas at the ballot box or across the battlefield. There were some who preferred salvation by the *contras* to a test of political strength at the polls.

Of course, moderating the Sandinistas' internal behavior with aid, diplomacy, and an active opposition has always been a long shot. The record plainly shows that for any step away from totalitarianism that they may be cajoled, or cornered, into taking, they will already have taken two steps forward. There were also early indications that the Sandinistas had every intention of playing this game for what it was worth, by using moderates in the government to get aid. One man who held a Cabinet-level post after the revolution told me in exile of the Sandinistas advising him that his own diminishing influence in economic policy was owed to their disappointment that he had failed to obtain more aid from the West.

AT THE same time, the making of policy throughout both American administrations has been hampered by a number of erroneous, even silly, attitudes, both within government and in Congress and among those seeking to influence policy. One illusion has been a willingness to judge initiatives on the basis of whether they might lead to "peace," without concern about whether they resolve any of the issues. Another has been the tendency of people with no understanding of Central America to take experiences from elsewhere, particularly Vietnam, and apply them to Nicaragua. Others, especially church organizations, mistakenly hold the United States to be at fault historically for Latin America's shortcomings, and believe we have some kind of general obligation to do penance. Atonement is a strange objective for foreign policy.

Still another unhelpful position has been the view that Mexico should take the lead since it knows the region. As Gutman points out, Mexico has had little previous interest in, or familiarity with, Central America. Describing Mexico's role in the bilateral Manzanillo talks between the United States and Nicaragua, he observes: "The vision that drove Mexicans was rather more ambitious than resolving the immediate crisis. They wanted a redefinition of the relationship between the United States and the left in Latin America." Mexican attitudes about Nicaragua have been based on the usual guiding factor of its foreign policy—shared in its region only by Cuba and now Nicaragua: that the worst enemy was always the United States, that any outcome was acceptable if it went against the wishes and the interests of the United States.

Then there is the illusion that the United States can develop a comprehensive policy that will serve for all of Latin America. This is a terrible simplification. The United States recognizes essential differences in its policies toward, say, Germany and France, or Israel and Egypt. Similarly, we have to recognize that, despite all the rhetoric about uni-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ty, most Latin American nations want a special bilateral relationship with the United States that recognizes each nation's individuality. The rule of thumb seems to be that a Latin American nation calls for consultation and multilateral action for problems that emerge far away from it in the region, but it wants quiet, bilateral help from the United States for its own needs.

Moreover, many aspects of Nicaraguan policy over the years have been designed more to win over critics in Washington or satisfy their demands than to resolve issues on the ground. Even military strategy often has been aimed at congressional votes. Reality has tended to be described in the terms of Washington. For example, the concern over whether someone had a "Somocista" taint: this is an interesting scruple, when you consider that a Somocista past has never been much of a problem for a number of people in the Sandinista Front or its government.

PERHAPS BECAUSE the situation is so hopeless, Gutman puts probably too much faith in the Latin Americans and their potential wisdom about Nicaragua. After all, we are talking about nations with a historical propensity to draft any number of documents promising respect for all kinds of basic liberties, and then to treat them as just pretty words. Written documents in Latin America are generally viewed as principles and ideals, not as rules and obligations. That's local political science.

The experiences of the Carter administration demonstrate the essential weakness of relying on Latin America. Too many of the people playing in the Nicaraguan affair during 1978-79—Venezuelan president Carlos Andrés Pérez, Costa Rican president Rodrigo Carazo, Mexican officials, and Panamanian strongman Omar Torrijos—thought that finally the United States would be the grown-up and make things turn out right. Pastor writes:

> Part of the answer to the riddle why the United States and its Latin American friends worked at cross-purposes to undermine each other's compatible objectives is this: all the key actors thought the United States could control everyone else's behavior—except their own. . . . In other words, Latin American democrats conspired to overthrow Somoza, suspicious and mistrustful in one corner of their minds whether the United States would really permit its surrogate to fall, and confident in another corner of their minds that the United States would not permit the revolution to turn to Cuba. Yet their decisions precluded that.

Carter experienced first-hand the perfidy of his alleged friends. Pastor says that it was not until late June 1979—three or four weeks before the Sandinistas entered Managua in triumph—that the United States had any sense of the size of the arms flow that Pérez, Torrijos, and Carazo were moving for the Sandinistas. Carter had unwittingly played the straight man to government leaders and Cabinet ministers who opened desk drawers and handed out cash, who let boxes of rifles pass by if they could keep one out of four.

CONTRARY TO most interpretations, the differences in the ways the last two administrations have viewed Nicaragua have not been very great, although their ways of operating have been very different. Almost until the end, the central objective of U.S. policy under Carter was not how to remove Somoza, but how to prevent a Sandinista victory. The NSC meetings of early June 1979, as recounted by Pastor, seem an eerie forewarning of what was to come. A few days before Somoza's departure from Nicaragua, Brzezinski spoke of his worry that the Nicaraguan leadership would support the insurgency in El Salvador, which had been in preparation for several years but had had almost no public attention outside the area. A short time before, when the Organization of American States rejected an American proposal to send a multilateral peace force to Nicaragua, Pastor returned to the office to find Brzezinski weighing the wisdom of direct American military intervention. Pastor argued against it, on the grounds that it would trap the United States in an Afghanistan-type situation.

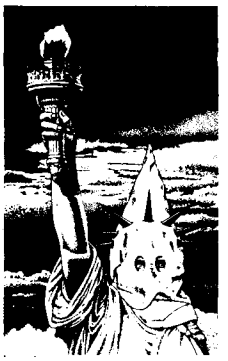
As the next administration looks for a path out of the Nicaraguan savanna, it will want to keep in mind not only the fresh memories of the *contra* scandals, but also the fact that most of the Carter administration's worst-case scenarios about a Sandinista government have come true. The choices are still as limited, and still as troubling.

SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN

Shirley Christian is the author of *Nicaragua: Revolution in the Family* (Random House).

"Eminently fair-minded and judicious."

—Richard Polenberg, Cornell University



THE PARTY OF FEAR

From Nativist Movements to the New Right in American History
by David H. Bennett

A ground-breaking historical analysis. David Bennett shows how right-wing movements in America evolved from movements against "un-American" peoples to movements against ideas that some people consider alien and un-American. He concludes by suggesting that the political extremism of the Right will remain a powerful force in American life.
520 pp., $29.95

available at bookstores
or from publisher
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
Post Office Box 2288
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27515-2288

No matter who wins, you can have your own reliable government source.

The Dorsey DICTIONARY *of* AMERICAN GOVERNMENT *and* POLITICS

JAY M. SHAFRITZ

With 3500 entries. Vital information on terms, concepts, events, laws, government agencies, political bios, etc.

"A useful and handy reference book."
—The Honorable Gerald R. Ford

"The politico's bible."—Brian M. Sweeney, National Republican Consultant

661 pages $34.95 cl. $18.95 pa.

The Dorsey Press
224 S. Michigan, Chicago IL 60604

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUDDY'S BAYOU BEAT

The New Orleans revival

Down in New Orleans, in the alleys where the blues are played, street vendors used to stock one sure-sell item for tourists and conventioneers in town for a week: bumper stickers that proclaimed: "Louisiana. State of Indictment." That was the way things were in The Big Easy. The city was famous for political corruption and the way "things could be arranged." Not any more. The new Governor is tone deaf to the music that made New Orleans what it was. He—he being Governor "Buddy" Roemer—is quite happy about that. So are many of his constituents. A recent statewide poll revealed that 68% of voters endorsed plans for radical fiscal reform, part of a move to make the state competitive in attracting industry,internationally as well as nationally.

Business leaders are secure enough to actively support his program. "Things have changed since my granddaddy ran the state," reflects Phillip McIlhenny, vice president of the famous hot Tabasco, "Sure. He did a great job at the time. But times have changed and Buddy's doin' the right thing."

For years, New Orleans had seemed to be complacently asleep on a soft bed of oil revenue. But when the price drained from $35 to $10 a barrel in 1986, things changed. Prices eventually struggled back up to $17 a barrel but by then 50,000 jobs had been lost in metropolitan New Orleans. In a five year spell, nine per cent of all the jobs in the region had gone. The "City That Care Forgot" had forgotten to care for itself.

Today, nearly all traces of that are gone. Every major corporation has been involved in some way in bringing about reform. In attitude. In approach. In pragmatism.

One key group is a bi-partisan coalition of economic advisors, lobbyists, and consultants—the Louisiana Council for Fiscal Reform. Tasked with re-structuring the state's tax system to make the state a more attractive business investment area it is now urging— and by all estimates will get—a sales tax reduction from 4% to 2%, and the removal of corporate franchise tax and inventory and sales taxes on business equipment, machinery and construction materials. Add on a mineral revenue trust fund, a reduction in state government costs and a requirement for a balanced budget and you begin to get what one local industrialist calls "a new day dawning."

Bureau of Economic Analysis figures show that a growth spurt that began in the state's economy late in 1987 continued through the first quarter of this year. Total personal income grew faster in Louisiana than in any other part of the nation.

All the key figures show an increase. Farming and Agriculture (+4.9%), Construction (+1.1%), Non-durable goods manufacturing (+2.3%), Durable goods manufacturing (+4.5%), Wholesale Trade (+1.4%), Retail (+1.3%), Finance, Insurance and Real Estate (+2.1%).

Says James Michael, business research director at Louisiana Technical University, "It's almost flabbergasting. Delicate still but there."

"New Orleans has come from being a perfect worst-case scenario to the most impressive example in the country of the potential of concerted civic action."

A COMMITMENT IS AS STRONG AS THE MUSCLE BEHIND IT.

CNG PRODUCING COMPANY

One Canal Place
Suite 3100
New Orleans, Louisiana 70130

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolution in education

Louisiana is top of the class

To ensure that all of this new prosperity and comfort level doesn't vaporize in a national economic downturn, Louisiana is making its most dynamic reforms in education. Like some industries, the state's public school system is being turned around. The only difference: all of it is being fixed. R. Tom Fetters is President of the CNG Producing Company; he is also chairman of the Business Task Force on Education. "The public school system has changed—from an embarrassment to a national model of co-operation," he says with some justifiable pride. New Orleans has come from being a perfect worst-case scenario to the most impressive example in the country of the potential of concerted civic effort.

It works like this. Each member company or corporation becomes a supportive partner with a public school. The program has achieved 100% participation. Estimated economic impact: $2 million in direct funds, with no assessment of the value of the executive time involved. It also creates continuing interest from business—and direct results for students.

Like the president of an energy company who finished his commencement address to a class of high-risk students with the promise that if they completed their studies and applied to a college, he'd guarantee the funds for their higher education. Or the involvement of others, like the 25 Air Force Reservists who rewired some schools for the installation of computers; fifty were provided at cost by Apple. CNG paid that bill and also the installation costs.

Then there was the action of the 200 sailors from the U.S.S. Forrestal who entirely painted the C.J. Colton Public Jr. High School during the Mardi Gras celebration, doing the job so well that returning teachers were moved to tears. The school hadn't seen a new coat of paint in over 35 years. Corporate, personal and teacher involvement—factors seen by many as a symbol of what New Orleans and Louisiana is all about these days.

The changes in the public school system are almost revolutionary; in Louisiana many are confident they have developed models that could be copied with effect elsewhere. Among them: a Homework Hotline, an entrepreneurship course for juniors and seniors, financing of a parent volunteer office, training for volunteers on a Parent Hotline, the publication of a resume writing and interviewing skills guidance book, psychological assistance, mini-grants to explore innovative and creative teaching methods. More money has also been made available for more textbooks, supplies, air conditioned classrooms,removal of asbestos from classrooms and expanded early childhood education to eliminate the dropout rate and increased teacher salaries and productivity incentives. It all adds up to one thing. The days when Louisiana tied for 50th place in the nation's public school system are long gone. Today it is very definitely heading for top of the class.

A new song is being sung in the South. It's not blues, it's not jazz but it has a certain rhythm of progress. If you like to get in on new trends that just might become classic, go listen to it yourself. You just might like what you hear.

"The public school system has changed—from an embarrassment to a national model of cooperation."

THE FINER SIDE OF LIFE. ON THE FRENCH SIDE OF TOWN.

The most spectacular hotel this side of the bayou. Right in the heart of the French Quarter. Just one block from Bourbon Street, two blocks from Jackson Square. Enjoy fine dining at our very own award-winning Rib Room—Rotisserie Extraordinaire, renowned for prime rib, fowl and seafood. If you're coming for the convention, come to the Omni Royal Orleans. There's nothing conventional about us!

For information and reservations, call
(504) 529-5333

OMNI ROYAL ORLEANS
621 St. Louis Street, New Orleans, LA 70140
Telephone: (504) 529-5333, Fax: (504) 529-7089

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LASH OF THE COMPUTER

In the Age of the Smart Machine: The Future of Work and Power by Shoshana Zuboff

(Basic Books, 468 pp., $19.95)

The Electronic Sweatshop: How Computers Are Transforming the Office of the Future into the Factory of the Past by Barbara Garson

(Simon and Schuster, 256 pp., $17.95)

Computers have been a major cultural preoccupation of the 1980s, and the story of their rapid spread has been told in the upbeat spirit of the times. Computers have inspired entrepreneurship sagas: Silicon Valley and Route 128 beckon the young, brilliant, and slightly iconoclastic to turn microchips into macro-fortunes. And as computers have arrived in homes and schools, they've answered yuppie passions for futuristic playthings and for state-of-the-art children. Lately, the story has featured computers and international economic competition: the machines are a key weapon in the high-tech battle between the United States and Japan.

Largely missing, however, has been any serious discussion of the effect of computers on the quality of working life. In one sense, the omission is surprising, since the working lives of millions of people have been significantly changed by computerization. In another sense, the discussion that never was has been a sign of the times: the quality of working life sounds like an old-fashioned, vaguely leftist issue—not nearly as glamorous as entrepreneurial derring-do or high-tech consumption.

But the mood seems to be changing, to judge by the recent publication of *In the Age of the Smart Machine* by Shoshana Zuboff of the Harvard Business School and *The Electronic Sweatshop* by Barbara Garson. (It is also a sign of the times, perhaps, that Garson's earlier work was the play *Macbird!*) Their subject is the impact of computers on life at work, particularly (although not exclusively) on the life that blue-collar and relatively disadvantaged workers lead at work. It's the first sign of interest since the buzz of worry over automation in the '60s, when the concern was more about the elimination of jobs than about the nature of work on the job.

Garson's view is unrelievedly dismal: computers are turning "the office of the future into the factory of the past." Bosses are using computers the same way bosses have used machines since the Industrial Revolution—to routinize and subdivide jobs, robbing them of variety, challenge, and meaning. In the computer age, the classic example of such a phenomenon is the famed computer-controlled bells and whistles used at McDonald's. What's more, bosses take advantage of computers to place workers under greater surveillance, using computers to record automatically how many key strokes they type or files they handle each day.

Zuboff has a more complicated view. She agrees that computers may end up being used mainly to routinize, subdivide, and control jobs. But she argues that using them this way would be a mistake for companies themselves: it would mean sacrificing the potential that computers offer for improving the products and services those computers help produce. To fulfill that potential, jobs will have to be redesigned to give employees the opportunity for more, not less, initiative—to allow them to interpret information the computer provides, and to make decisions based on that information.

Zuboff illustrates her case for the power of computer technology to enrich, rather than impoverish, the work experience with studies that she conducted at paper mills that have introduced computers to control the paper production process. She elegantly evokes the character of the earlier paper production process, and particularly the key role played in it by the worker's five senses: decisions on when to change the settings on the machines, or to begin a new stage of production, were made by smelling the pulp mixture or by feeling its texture, or by noting the color of the fire in the furnace.

Computers remove the physical connection between the worker and the production process. Zuboff is eloquent about the psychological shock that this entails for people who are used to doubting that anything they can't sense directly is real:

> Instead of Descartes's, "I think, therefore I am," these workers might say, "I see, I touch, I smell, I hear; therefore I know." . . . In the precomputerized environment, belief was a seamless extension of sensory experience. As the medium of knowing was transformed by computerization, the placid unity of experience and knowledge was disturbed. Accomplishing work depended upon the ability to manipulate symbolic, electronically presented data. . . . The workers in this transition were at first overwhelmed with the feeling that they could no longer see or touch their work, as if it has been made both invisible and intangible by computer mediation.

Working with the computer, employees told Zuboff, was "like turning your back in a dark alley" or "driving down the highway with your lights out and someone else pushing the accelerator." Drawing on literature by medieval historians and by anthropologists on the initial impact of the spread of written documents on societies that had been largely oral, Zuboff notes that people initially experienced a similar shock in the face of that transition. "The spoken word was connected to the incontrovertible realities of bodily experience, while the written word was a thin, substance-less scratching whose two-dimensionality seemed highly arbitrary."

But rather than denounce, Garson-style, the traumatic transformation, Zuboff sees the potential for yet further, fruitful transformation. The new technology, she argues, can provide the occasion for the workers to develop a new set of intellectual skills. Taught more about how the process of manufacturing paper actually works, workers could use the numbers on the computer screen much as they once used smelling, feeling, and seeing: as a basis for making independent decisions about how to direct the process. This route, according to Zuboff, leads to new meaning in the job, and also to the most productive use of the technology in the manufacturing pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thinking About AMERICA

The United States in the 1990s

An Intellectual Feast

Scholars and statesmen, Democrats and Republicans, on-campus and off-campus writers, four U.S. presidents, four Nobel laureates—all of them independent thinkers—give us the best of their learning, wisdom, and experience in 47 essays on foreign and domestic policy for the United States in the coming decade. Among the contributors:

James M. Buchanan ▪ *Jimmy Carter* ▪ *Gerald Ford* ▪ *Milton and Rose D. Friedman* ▪ *Philip C. Habib* ▪ *F.A. Hayek* ▪ *Sidney Hook* ▪ *Bobby Inman* ▪ *Seymour Martin Lipset* ▪ *Richard Nixon* ▪ *Ronald Reagan* ▪ *Rita Ricardo-Campbell* ▪ *George Shultz* ▪ *Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn* ▪ *Thomas Sowell* ▪ *James B. Stockdale* ▪ *Edward Teller* ▪ *Casper W. Weinberger* ▪ *Aaron Wildavsky* ▪ *James Q. Wilson* ▪ *Andrew Young*

In 1985 General Secretary Gorbachev told Congressmen Bob Michel and Tip O'Neill—and Secretary of State George Shultz—that he believed many of the policies of the Reagan administration could be traced to an influential work, *The United States in the 1980s*, published by the Hoover Institution at the beginning of the 1980 election year. "I believe *Thinking About America: The United States in the 1990s* should provide exactly the same kind of intellectual foundation for the next administration," says Michel.

Annelise Anderson & Dennis L. Bark
editors
Foreword by W. Glenn Campbell

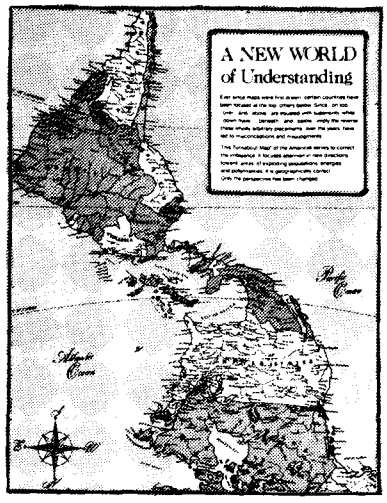
Available in September ... *Reserve your copy today*
$14.95 (paper) $24.95 (cloth)

The Hoover Institution Press
East Coast Order Department
4720-A Boston Way
Lanham, MD 20706

GERALD FORD ♦ JAMES BOND STOCKDALE ♦ JAMES Q. WILSON ♦ F. A. HAYEK ♦
R. INMAN ♦ GERALD FORD ♦ JIMMY CARTER ♦ RONALD REAGAN ♦
LLIAM R. VAN CLEAVE ♦ HENRY S. ROWEN ♦ JOHN B. DUNLOP ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Corrective perspective



RUN-OF-THE-MILL maps place the U.S. above. Since "upper" is equated with "superior," this has bred misconceptions and mischief. The Turnabout Map of the Americas offers a corrective perspective.

"I'm having it framed" — Robert MacNeil
"Helps restore proportion" — A. Schlesinger,Jr.
"The Department of Education could send it out" — William R. Hearst, Jr.

Unique gift and conversation piece, in brilliant colors. English or Spanish, 17x23" — $6.00 at bookstores. Or by mail, tubed, $7.50 (add'l $6.00). — From Laguna Sales, Dept. H, 7040 Via Valverde, San Jose, CA 95135. *(In Calif. add 6% sales tax)*

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

Our 16th Year

Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM® Room B840.
96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

cess. Quoting one of the managers at a meeting she attended at one of her research sites, Zuboff puts the choice this way: "Are we all going to be working for a smart machine, or will we have smart people around the machine?"

The obstacle in the way of this utopian vision of fulfilled employees and heightened productivity, Zuboff argues, is that it challenges the control that management has traditionally had over information, and hence over an important source of the power and privileges the boss enjoys. The role she foresees for managers—as teachers organizing a joint learning process rather than masters ordering people around—is inevitably threatening. It "implies that workers can learn what managers know, thus calling into question the necessity of managerial authority." Furthermore, "teaching and learning lead to insights, doubts, and questions. There are likely to be questions that managers cannot answer. If that is the case, what gives them the right to manage?" Even though it makes the most economic sense, and even though it would make workers' lives more fulfilled, then, Zuboff argues that this optimistic future is hardly around the corner.

SO WHAT IS the most likely impact of computers on the quality of working life? There is no such thing, of course, as a single form of computerization in the workplace. It can involve everything from moisture sensors that make cooking french fries a mindless motion, to word processors that relieve secretaries of the drudgery of retyping entire documents in order to incorporate the boss's revisions, to the computers that have made it possible for Volvo to produce cars economically without an assembly line. To make generalizations, then, is difficult.

But if Zuboff's optimistic scenario about the marriage of good production and good jobs is correct, we need not be as worried as she is about whether it will actually happen. If a workplace with more meaningful jobs does increase productivity, then one would expect the change to spread rapidly without much resistance, since everyone would gain by it. (And indeed, of course, many accounts of successful American companies over the past few years have suggested that a source of their success is their adoption of more meaningful work for their employees.) To this view, the classic counterargument (originated by the radical economist Herbert Gintis 15 years ago, and repeated in somewhat different form by Zuboff) is that the power needs of managers might still prevail over calculations of productivity.

But Zuboff can make this suggestion only because the firms she treats seem, in her discussion, to exist completely outside a competitive marketplace, outside of an environment that might influence their behavior, driving out of business a firm where managers sacrifice productivity simply for their personal power. Even if the world isn't quite as simple as the pure logic of the marketplace suggests—most students of management will recognize the internal problems and pressures of organization that Zuboff describes—the basic point holds. If Zuboff's hopeful scenario is correct, the force of the marketplace is surely strong enough to make it happen.

Still, her hopeful scenario is far from proven. Zuboff's argument is a direct descendent of the claims of ten or 15 years ago that increased worker participation would increase productivity, and it is prey to the same fallacy: the wish is serving as parent to the thought. Zuboff's analysis of just how it is that more participative job designs are needed to realize the productive potential of the new technology at the paper mills and bank she studied is maddeningly vague and unclear. This vagueness stands in dramatic contrast to the rich descriptions of production processes she gives elsewhere in the book.

THE MAIN PROBLEM with Zuboff's vision of rewarding collaboration between worker and computers is its static character. Presumably, the computer can currently interpret some data about the production process for, say, paper that could previously be interpreted only by human beings using their five senses. But the capacity of these computer programs, Zuboff would maintain, is insufficient to interpret other kinds of newly generated computer data for which good human judgment is still necessary. Surely there is reason to expect, however, that over time the cycle of development would continue: as people learn to interpret new computer data, new computer programs could be written to take over that interpretive task. There are doubtless types of jobs for which such expert system computer programs can't be developed or won't be very good. But Zuboff doesn't make the case that this is so, either for her paper mills in particular or for jobs in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

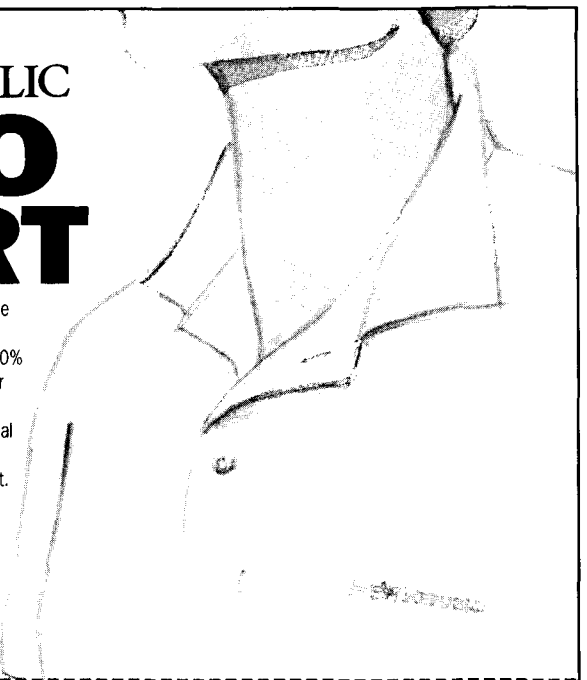
particular or for jobs in general—and we are left again with the dismal prospect of workers under the shadow of computers.

STILL, to conclude that the tendency of computer technology—and its most productive use—is often likely to involve routinizing and subdividing many jobs does not entail endorsing Garson's polemical claim that automation "seems to be based less on a rational desire for profit than on irrational prejudice against people." Big Brother isn't quite the problem. It's far from clear that electronic monitoring of employees necessarily increases the ability of supervisors to exercise control over subordinates. In most workplaces, workers were monitored long before the new technology arrived. Indeed, a number of the examples Garson herself cites have nothing to do with computers. She complains of supervisors listening in on telephone conversations between airline clerks and customers, yet such surveillance was possible before computers. Furthermore, monitoring in the pre-computer age may often have been based on subjective, arbitrary, or irrelevant grounds. Compared with this, the more objective oversight the new technology allows may actually reduce tension and perceived injustice (to say nothing of potentially allowing for greater quality control, a benefit of supervision that Garson totally overlooks). It makes authority less the imposition of will and more a question of simply "how the numbers come out," as Zuboff suggests, arguing that "because rationality has no guile, it can also work to limit authority."

Efforts by management to lower the cost or to improve the quality of production should not simply be seen as battles by capital against workers. The benefits of improved production and product quality are shared among workers, owners, and consumers. It's important to remember that improved standards of living for consumers, as well as increased wages for the workers (thanks to increased productivity), must be balanced against a possible decline in workplace contentment in the information age. It is tempting for workers to take the wage increases for granted and to focus on the degradation of their work without realizing that wages have been going up partly because the quality of the working experience has gone down. Ironically enough, the dismal scenario of de-skilled work may in fact help solve the problem of a decline in jobs for low-skilled peo-

THE NEW REPUBLIC

POLO SHIRT



The New Republic is proud to present the ultimate fashion statement: The New Republic polo shirt. Fashioned out of 100% cotton and custom embroidered with our attractive new logo, The New Republic polo will become the staple of your casual wardrobe. It also makes the perfect gift for TNR aficionados on your shopping list. The New Republic polo is available in crisp white with the logo embroidered in navy blue, in adult sizes, small, medium, large and extra large. Only $24.50 per shirt plus $1.25 per shirt for shipping. Satisfaction guaranteed! Order yours today.

To: THE NEW REPUBLIC POLO SHIRT OFFER, 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036

Please send me _____ polo shirt(s) in size(s) _____.

I have enclosed a check/money order in the amount of _____ to cover the cost of the shirt ($24.50 each) plus shipping ($1.25 each) plus applicable sales tax (D.C. Residents add 6%.) My address is:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

How many undeserved radar tickets were issued last year?

a) 1,012,317 **b)** 649,119 **c)** 0 **d)** No one knows

Unfortunately, the answer is **d)** No one knows. Over ten million tickets were issued last year. Some experts say up to thirty percent of them were incorrect.

Here's why

You may find this hard to believe, but traffic radar doesn't tell the operator which vehicle he is clocking. The radar unit displays one number. That's all. It might be the closest car, it might be the fastest car, it might be the biggest car. Or it might not. The operator has to decide.

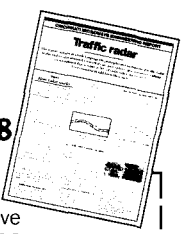
And since radar operators are human, they don't always guess right. Even if only one percent of the tickets issued last year were wrong, that's *one hundred thousand undeserved tickets.*

Free report

Our engineers had to know every detail about traffic radar before they could design Escort and Passport, the most respected names in radar detection.

Now we've released a report that explains radar and radar errors, in plain language. And it's yours free. Just call us toll-free or mail the coupon.

FOR FREE REPORT ON TRAFFIC RADAR CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-543-1608



Or mail coupon to:
Cincinnati Microwave
Department 909998
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249-9502

Please send me your free report **TRAFFIC RADAR: How it works, and why it gets wrong readings.**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

CINCINNATI MICROWAVE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple (the poor and minorities).

What is at issue, finally, are the trade-offs between our satisfaction as consumers and the satisfaction of workers on the job—and the even tougher trade-offs that workers themselves make between higher wages and lower job satisfaction. If anything, these dilemmas only underscore the importance of considering the computer's role in the workplace. For these trade-offs are not simply individual decisions; they're social ones. People whose intellectual and emotional sensitivity is dulled on the job are likely to be worse citizens and worse people, which makes things meaner for all of us. The quality of our common politics and culture, the fabric of our social interactions and civility, will suffer. It's time to think about whether we want, as a society, by collective bargaining or by law, to take some steps that would improve the quality of life at work, knowing with certainty that such steps would likely be at the expense of consumers, and to some extent of the wage levels of workers. No one promised this would be a glitzy, easy issue.

STEVEN KELMAN

Steven Kelman is professor of public policy at the John F. Kennedy School of Government and the author most recently of *Making Public Policy: A Hopeful View of American Government* (Basic Books).

ITALIAN INTRIGUE

Summer's Lease by John Mortimer

(Viking, 288 pp., $19.95)

In the foreground of Piero Della Francesca's *Flagellation* three figures, 15th-century Italians in richly colored tunics, stand talking in a courtyard. It takes a moment for the eye to wander into the building behind them, to note the second group of figures, to see what the figures in the foreground don't see, the whip raised and Pilate looking on. The picture isn't as cluttered and the figure of Christ isn't as small as you imagine it would be if Breughel had painted the theme; still, his pale body almost fades into the pillar to which he's tied.

To Molly Pargeter, the protagonist of the new novel by the English barrister-playwright John Mortimer, it is the "greatest small picture in the world." She has known it from books since childhood, but when, toward the end of the novel, she finally gets to Urbino and sees the real thing, its power doesn't seem to depend on what "all the books" have told her about its historical importance and its effect on the architecture of the Ducal Palace. No—its greatness lies in what it suggests about "the mysterious involvement of groups of people in their own awful concerns." Piero's *Flagellation* serves, Molly thinks, to show the way people can be together, "by the same walls, on the same floor and know nothing of each other's lives. They can commit terrible acts quietly, casually, at the other end of a room, and nobody seems to notice." And sometimes, one realizes by the end of the novel, sometimes that self-absorption can keep a person from noticing the terrible consequences of even her own actions.

Summer's Lease offers as much relaxation as any beach book in its story about a colony of British "ex-pats" living in what they call "Chiantishire," where Molly and Hugh Pargeter have taken a villa named La Felicita for three weeks in August. Its characters are amusingly recognizable types but not caricatures, and its narrative is deftly crafted, marked by Mortimer's characteristic fusion of farce and mystery. It will be a best-seller—and deservedly so, for as Molly's thoughts about Piero suggest, *Summer's Lease* is finally a provocative novel as well as an entertaining one.

The story begins when Molly reads a peculiar newspaper ad: "Villa to let near small Tuscan town / Suit couple, early forties, with three children / (females preferred)." Why such precision, why "females preferred"? Molly loves detective stories as much as she does Italian painting, and senses something strange behind the ad. And since the Pargeters do have three daughters, she writes off for particulars.

Which only increases her curiosity, for the villa's owner, S. Kettering, treats the house as if it were alive. It's not just that the wiring is dyspeptic enough to make Kettering write that "if a hair-drier is in use, it's generally wise to temporarily disconnect the refrigerator." La Felicita is also "unaccustomed to the sound of transistor radios or record-players by the pool. . . . We would also ask you to observe the tradition of dinner on the terrace taking place by candlelight." This fussiness makes Molly pause—until she learns that the house's location makes it "a perfect center for the study of the Sienese school" and of Piero in particular.

MOLLY'S appalling and engaging father, Haverford Downs, invites himself along, claiming that he's "been brushing up on my Italian . . . with the help of an extremely sexy-sounding *signorina I got on tape from the Fulham* public library. We have spent some passionate evenings together changing traveller's cheques. . . ." He provides much of the novel's comedy, particularly in his attempt to persuade a now senile—but rich—former mistress that they were once lovers. But the laughter is matched by mystery. Molly has looked forward to meeting Kettering, but when the Pargeters get to Chiantishire, she finds that her landlord has vanished and that nobody seems willing to talk about the disappearance; finds, indeed, that she can't even be sure if S. Kettering is a man or a woman.

Molly does, however, learn that whatever her landlord's sex, the Kettering family, like her own, has three daughters. She also comes upon an edition of Sherlock Holmes left open to the story of "The Copper Beeches." That's the "one where this governess is told to put on a special dress and sit with her back to the window. Just so she can be mistaken for someone else." Is her family, Molly wonders, being set up to be mistaken for someone else? Is that the meaning of "females preferred"? The mysteries multiply. How, and why, did all the water vanish from the swimming pool at La Felicita? And the helpful English neighbor called "Signor Fixit" who cracks his skull against the bottom of another strangely emptied

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swimming pool—was he pushed? Molly's growing sense of dread only increases when one night a strange man hands her a letter and calls her "Signora Kettering."

BUT IS THERE really a mystery to all this, in the Agatha Christie sense of the word? And if there is, does it necessarily concern the Pargeters? For much of the novel, Mortimer keeps one wondering if Molly is seeing connections that don't exist. Indeed Molly herself wonders if she's imagining things, even as she decides to push forward, in a way that reminded me, strangely enough, of Oedipa Maas in Pynchon's *The Crying of Lot 49*, who questions her own sanity as she tries to find out if the Trystero really exists. I say strangely enough because Mortimer has little of Pynchon's verbal energy and formal inventiveness. Where, for example, Pynchon ended his novel on a note of uncertainty, stopping just before Oedipa could find out, Mortimer answers yes or no to all of Molly's questions—and in pretty much the proportions one expects in a mystery.

In his very funny autobiography, *Clinging to the Wreckage* (1982), Mortimer describes how, as a defense counsel in obscenity cases during the 1960s, he earned a reputation as a lawyer for the avant-garde. But his own fiction is rather old-fashioned and even conventional in form. That's not surprising, given that much of it—*Paradise Postponed* (1986), and the magnificent series of books about the seedy barrister Rumpole of the Bailey—has been written simultaneously for print and television. Mortimer doesn't appear to have written *Summer's Lease* with the screen in mind, but the book shares the formal transparency of his other fiction, the quality that makes it well suited to TV—a straightforward and easy-to-follow narrative that doesn't call attention to itself; a plain, matter-of-fact prose that can be turned easily into images, without having to search for particular visual equivalents.

The result of that style is a body of work that seems primarily meant to amuse. The Rumpole works are so diverting, in fact, that I think they will survive. Their claret-soaked title figure is the most original character in British genre fiction since James Bond. And the neo-Dickensian world Mortimer has created around the Old Bailey is one readers will go on wanting to spend time in, just as they do in Conan Doyle's London. That makes Mortimer a kind of writer more common in English than in American literature, one poised neatly between genre fiction and that vague thing called "the mainstream"; a writer more common in a culture where books are one of the amenities of life, meant to be enjoyed rather than merely admired.

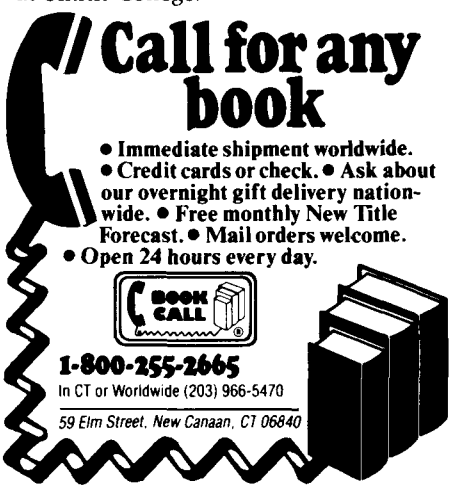
I think, for comparison, of Graham Greene's entertainments, or of Somerset Maugham. And much of the pleasure such writers offer comes from the observation of their craft. Their chisels do not slip. The joints fit so neatly that you don't notice them unless you look for them—but you do look for them, because part of the fun comes from seeing how the fiction is made. In the best of the Rumpole stories, for example, his trials in the courtroom are matched in theme by the tribulations of his private life. I don't want to describe the new novel's joints, because I'd have to give away too much of the plot. They don't seem so tightly made as those in Mortimer's best books—but *Summer's Lease* is still an admirably professional piece of work.

BUT IS IT anything more? Late in Mortimer's 1971 play, *A Voyage Round My Father*, the character Elizabeth, a stand-in for his first wife, the novelist Penelope Mortimer, accuses the father of never having "really said anything serious" to his son. "No-one here ever says anything. They tell stories and they make jokes," and nothing more. It's a charge Mortimer himself is vulnerable to: you can wonder about Mortimer's own seriousness, about whether *Summer's Lease* is anything more than diverting, anything more than a neat piece of cabinet-making. Certainly the story of Molly's mysterious letters and Haverford's unsuccessful lechery doesn't seem to require our full attention.

And yet that Piero painting ought to make one suspicious of foregrounds, for *Summer's Lease* is finally about the dangers of diversion. Molly learns that whatever mysteries Chiantishire may hold, they don't concern her and her family. "Females preferred"—just Kettering's near-mystical feeling for La Felicita. The disappearing water—a scheme to bilk tourists out of a few hundred extra quid, no more, nothing sinister. But some mysteries remain, Kettering's disappearance above all, and Molly determines to solve them, as if she were Christie's Hercule "Poirot [summoning] the guests to assemble in the library after tea." A game for her—but not for the people whose mysteries they are, of whose lives Molly knows nothing, to whom awful things can happen, some of them on account of her. At the end of the novel Molly, safely back in England, rejects the lesson she found in Piero's *Flagellation* and loses herself in her own world of "school dates, vital telephone numbers, and . . . the children's drawings." *Summer's Lease* may carry the form of a mystery novel, but it finally uses that form to ask some unsettling questions about those of us who like nothing better than to know who-dun-it.

MICHAEL GORRA

Michael Gorra teaches English literature at Smith College.


Call for any book
• Immediate shipment worldwide.
• Credit cards or check. • Ask about our overnight gift delivery nationwide. • Free monthly New Title Forecast. • Mail orders welcome.
• Open 24 hours every day.
BOOK CALL
1-800-255-2665
In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470
59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

Serious Lighting
for Serious Readers
Write or call for FREE Catalog
LEVENGER–Tools For Serious Readers
Dept. NR8, 480-C Concord Avenue
Belmont, MA 02178 (617) 484-0014

OPERA LOVERS
Opera Monthly is the magazine you've been waiting for. We cover the opera scene from coast to coast. You'll meet the opera stars of today and tomorrow, as well as the composers and producers who keep opera alive all over America.
12 issues of *Opera Monthly* $25
P.O. Box 816 New York, NY 10159

INTENSITIES & ANALOGIES
by A.R. Thurar
The psychological reasons for everyday behaviors: Art, Drama, Love, Music, Religion, Sex, Sports & many others.
ECR Press, P.O. Box 1208, Stn. B, Ottawa, Ont., Canada K1P 5R3. $8 + $2 s/h (chq. or m.o.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frederick Wiseman films the deaf and the blind.

SENSES AND SENSIBILITY

BY ROBERT COLES

ALABAMA'S INSTITUTE for the Deaf and the Blind was founded two years before the Civil War began. It is now a nationally known and respected institution located in Talladega, about 50 miles east of Birmingham. I remember Anna Freud mentioning AIDB, as it is known, during a discussion of the special challenges that fate puts to blind and deaf children as they grow up. She and her colleagues in child psychoanalysis were much interested in such children and had done some substantial work with them, especially blind boys and girls. Miss Freud asked about AIDB in the way foreigners often do when they come to a country with only a finite amount of knowledge about its geography. She came regularly to New Haven and New York, was no stranger to certain other cosmopolitan cities, but the South was not her regular beat. With a certain wistfulness she looked around the Yale dormitory room where we had been sitting and then made a comment I can still hear: "I'd like to go visit that school [AIDB] one day."

She never realized that wish, but she would certainly be enthralled by the results of someone else's visit. Frederick Wiseman's four film documentaries run nine hours: an effort to show how the blind, the deaf, or those both blind and deaf (and impaired in other ways too) manage at a residential school, and while there become reasonably educated, even begin to make their way in the outside world. With his films, Wiseman has been directing a school, of sorts, for two decades: he has wanted to help us overcome our own versions of blindness and deafness. He started his documentary career with the still controversial *Titicut Follies*, a film about a Massachusetts hospital for the criminally insane. (I still cannot show that film to my medical students without obtaining their signatures—a collective declaration that they are an educational audience rather than mere film buffs.) Some Massachusetts officials worried that the "privacy" of certain inmates was violated—though the utterly outrageous and degrading circumstances shown in the film seem to have troubled those officials rather less. To this day, the hospital earns consistently negative ratings, and is a recurrent subject of journalistic muckraking.

After he had completed *Titicut Follies*—despite his troubles with Bay State bureaucrats—Wiseman turned his attention to one institution after another: a high school, a court, a department store, a hospital, a racetrack, a seminary, a city's welfare system, a place where young military recruits are indoctrinated, a slaughterhouse that enables us to have meat on our tables. Each film is meant to place us who watch in the midst of a particular social and institutional scene, in the hope that as we view people going about their chores, doing what they are paid to do or are required by law or custom to do, and hear what is said (or shouted or whispered), we will know rather more about our large and complex nation.

These four documentaries amount to Wiseman's most ambitious project yet. "Before I made these films my experience and knowledge of deaf and/or blind people was limited, practically nonexistent," Wiseman explained. "When I began to think about it I realized that I had never gone to school with anyone who was deaf or blind, nor did I have any contact in my work or social life with anyone who was without one or both of these basic senses." Of the four films, *Blind* and *Deaf* are the two basic texts. They aim to show how children make do without sight or hearing—learn to take care of themselves, to read and write, to get on successfully with others, to negotiate their way in a world where vision is taken for granted, as is the capacity to understand the spoken word. *Multi-Handicapped* and *Adjustment and Work* take us further along: to the more strenuous difficulties of those who are both deaf and dumb (or have, for instance, cerebral palsy as an additional disability); and to the adulthood of those who have attended AIDB, and now hope to find work, achieve a significant degree of personal and financial independence.

Each of the four films invites us, first, to the South, to Talladega, Alabama: the country roads, the fields with their crops, the Winn Dixie market, the homes, modern and Victorian, the courthouse, and inevitably, a strip, with its gas stations, honky-tonk stores, fast-food restaurants. All four present a Southern city's social life—the genteel white neighborhoods, the modest homes of working-class white or black families, the streets where impoverished blacks struggle for survival. All four also offer sights and sounds many of the children who attend AIDB have missed—the well-known Talladega stock-car racetrack, with its zooming machines and boisterous crowds, the predictably mock-elegant world of mall shopping, and most affecting, the simple but powerful noise of the railroad engine—Willa Cather's "cold, vibrant scream."

Deaf and *Blind* essentially chronicle the way children in two quite unusual residential school settings spend their time. Early in *Blind*, we notice one form of affluence—the sunglasses of those who can afford to dim their vision. Minutes later we meet boys and girls who are learning to feel their way along corridors, who follow voices, who brave their own kind of adventures. The students are black and white, boy and girl, quite bright and average in intelligence and retarded. No matter, they hold hands; they seem thoroughly at ease with one another—blind in a different sense of the word to differences the rest of us are quick to regard as important, even when quite young.

Not able to notice skin color or the kind of clothes worn, they attend to the texture of cement or wood or glass—what it feels like when a cane (or one's hand) moves from one part of a building to another. They learn with the cane to sight an approaching door or set of stairs. They learn not so much to rely on the cane as to master it. With no embarrassment or sense of irony they and their teachers talk of going to "see" what is out there awaiting them—paths to trod, directions to pursue, choices to make. They "keep looking." They "watch for" landmarks. They listen hard. They find a water fountain and feel the obvious satisfactions of an important discovery.

They play sports. They learn braille. They let their fingers feel their way to a control of a needle, some thread: knitting, sewing. They talk with their teachers about family troubles—a drunken father, a broken marriage, a disappointment experienced on a home visit. They feel low and hesitant at times. But

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are constantly encouraged, complimented—in soft, Southern drawls that seem especially fitting for such occasions. Throughout the film the camera is kept constantly busy—moving from room to room, activity to activity: children playing, cooking, learning to make change, creating messes, cleaning up after themselves, dancing, and finally, getting ready for bed. As they pray before falling asleep—a particularly poignant moment—the film begins to conclude. The moon is out. The lights of the city are turned on. Soon, though, all will be darkness—though for these children there is, alas, no such transition.

DEAF (two hours, 43 minutes) is half an hour longer than *Blind*. The structure of *Deaf* is similar to that of *Blind*—the camera's constant attention to a school day's events. Children learn to sign, to read lips as well, and not least to use their vocal chords, to talk—no easy task for someone who has not heard himself or herself speak, never mind anyone else. Gradually Wiseman's camera informs us of the special technology a contemporary school for deaf children requires—lights for a phone or a clock alarm, closed-caption television, a "minicom" typewriter that enables telephone conversation. But teachers matter more than those devices—what happens between them and their students as they try to comprehend each other. Some of the teachers are deaf themselves, and their earnest professional devotion obviously draws on reservoirs of personal experience.

The centerpiece of *Deaf* offers a family squabble (one by no means peculiar to AIDB children and their parents). A 14-year-old boy has threatened suicide several times, declared his mother indifferent to him. She has driven to the school from Mobile, and for three-quarters of an hour we watch her, her son, a wise and empathic counselor, and the school's principal talk about what is happening to a family. The biological father has spurned Peter because of his deafness, yet even though a stepfather likes him, pays him favorable attention, he yearns for his "first daddy." The estrangement between mother and son is obvious—the aloofness each uses for self-protection, the hurt pride each displays.

All over the world youths and parents struggle with one another in similar ways for similar reasons. What distinguishes this confrontation is the obvious difficulty a mother and a son have in speaking to each other. The mother's signing is inadequate, and the youth is ready at a glance to use such a failure as an indictment of her. Not that, of course, parents and children who have excellent hearing are spared such family impasses. Wiseman dwells on this scene not to show a special psychopathology, but to remind us of universals that transcend difficulties such as deafness—the failures of trust and of love that mark the lives of so many of us.

In all four of Wiseman's documentaries, teachers are heard at some length discussing the progress of various students, their small victories and persisting troubles. Often the talk becomes psychological—the dreary jargon one hears everywhere in this country today. Several times the viewer is transported from a concrete, arresting teaching situation to an abstract psychological discussion, with banal words such as "individuation" and "adjustment" filling, if not fouling, the air. So it goes, the bemused filmmaker seems to be telling us.

AT SUCH moments I kept wishing Anna Freud *had* visited AIDB before she died. She had little use for psychological pretentiousness, and enormous respect for the daily fortitude and intelligence of the many teachers she knew in the course of her life. She never patronized them with overblown psychoanalytic language. Often enough, I remember, she presented herself as the one who needed to learn—and she would have learned a lot had she gone to Alabama, or for that matter, seen Wiseman's films. She put in a considerable number of clinical hours observing and working with blind children, and in volume five of her *Writings* ("Research at the Hampstead Child-Therapy Clinic and Other Papers") she several times takes note of the stumbling blocks and quandaries blindness and deafness (or bodily impairments of various kinds) can present to children. The young take in the world—including the image of a mother, a father, and needless to say, themselves—through the use of the eyes: the sight of others, the sight of oneself in a mirror or a picture taken. The young also hear the words "yes" and "no" every day—the encouragement and the disapproval that go to make a conscience that works effectively (but not imperiously, crazily) in later life.

It is probably no accident that *Deaf* is a noisier film than *Blind*, and has more truculence in it. In the former the teachers at times—no matter the camera's presence—seem sorely tested, even on the verge of an outburst or two. The deaf children are more combative, the blind more self-effacing. In psychoanalytic language, the deaf sometimes experience special hurdles in "super-ego formation"; the blind may be particularly tested by the vicissitudes of "narcissism." For years, however, Anna Freud urged on her psychoanalytic colleagues restraint in such formulations, common sense in their application to individuals or groups of people, and most insistently, the research initiative she called "direct observation"—with theoretical conjecture kept to a minimum until, as she once put it, "we have something to contemplate." Wiseman's films would have held her close attention, prompted her, I suspect, to want to look at the entire footage he secured in Talladega.

EVEN AS the psychoanalyst must struggle with his or her subjectivity, a filmmaker such as Wiseman presents us with a mix of objective reportage and a particular artist's attitude. He is at pains to let us hear the school officials talk about budgets and political lobbying in the state capital, Montgomery, because he wants to make the point that lots of the sensitivity and compassion we have witnessed is enabled by tough, shrewd behind-the-scenes bargaining sessions. He asks us to listen to A. D. Gaston, the 92-year-old black Birmingham entrepreneur, talking of "dream power," of *his* "handicapped" (segregated) earlier life as a grandson of slaves, born in turn-of-the-century poverty, because the speech is animated and entertaining, but also, one suspects, because yet another big shot comes across as occasionally full of himself and full of hot air, and we had best remember that neither blindness nor deafness (Gaston's words are translated beautifully into sign language) need deny anyone an exposure to life's funny or absurd moments. Wiseman the filmmaker and editor is Wiseman the visual poet, the social critic, the ironist—someone probing social reality, yes, but also arranging it, composing it, as artists or writers always do.

During the days I watched these four powerful films, I kept reading reviews of them, and biographical accounts of the man who had to fight hard, against considerable odds, to make them, to have them shown uncut. He is on record as taking on the very people whose power can stand between his work and thou-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sands of viewers, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, where an endemic Anglophilia often threatens, and where, in Wiseman's words, "personal politics, the buddy system, jealousy, and pop ideology dominate the panel discussions."

One way his critics get back at him is by calling his work "boring" or "repetitive" or "too demanding." I kept seeing such comments, even from those who in general admire his work. My wife, a schoolteacher, suggested we show the films to some children the age of many who appear in *Deaf* and *Blind*, ten to 13, and we did. They were utterly taken by what they saw. They scarcely moved. They remained silent. At moments they gasped in admiration or disbelief. All right, they were suburban children going to fine schools, and no strangers to serious assignments pushed by their elders. We gave the films to one of our sons, who has been working this summer with troubled ghetto children. They, too, sat still and were held spellbound throughout *Blind* and *Deaf* both. Afterward they voiced a flurry of questions, offered a range of lively comments.

Exactly who is "bored" by these films? Perhaps some of us are offended because as experts or announcers we have been denied employment, refused permission to do what we otherwise do so commonly on television and elsewhere in our national life: make pronouncements, assert our authority, get seen and heard. His are not the neatly packaged, carefully timed productions that feature smooth-speaking narrators and pundits always sure of themselves. For years Wiseman has kept the experts at bay. He has had no trouble finding so-called "average" men, women, and children who have a lot to say about this life, about their fate.

Throughout his career Frederick Wiseman has dared explore directly the fullest range of human experience. In film after film he has rendered us as we are—the complexities, ambiguities, ironies, inconsistencies, contradictions that inform our life. He is, really, kin to some of our writers of short fiction, anxious to comprehend through a particular angle of vision our contingent lives: the way we are shaped by institutions, certainly, but the way we may stand up to them, take only so much from them, or find our own ways of breaking free of them. His careful, respectful, persistent regard for plain, ordinary people puts him in the company of writers such as Raymond Carver, Richard Ford, Bobbie Ann Mason, Toni Morrison, James Alan McPherson: storytellers, not social scientists. While sociologists increasingly play with banks of computers and spew an impenetrably mannered, opaque, highfalutin language, and most anthropologists stay resolutely in the Third World, he and his camera attend the contours of our daily life, and in the end, as with fiction, help us better see and hear ourselves—what such films as *Blind* and *Deaf* do so very well, indeed.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

Mexican or even American culpability, but is somehow engrained in our mutual histories, going back to the *conquistadores* or beyond. These are novels—I would add to them *A Change of Skin* and *The Old Gringo*—that combine indigenous and Modernist techniques to form a new entity, the new Latin American novel, which is the most vital literature in the world today. Krauze would not merely repeal the "Boom"; he seems also to advocate a return to the local realism of the past, to a time when Mexican novels were written by Mexicans for Mexicans and not by writers of international standings and inclinations for readers in all countries.

MORTON P. LEVITT
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PLAYING THE SOUTH

To the editors:

Why, shut my mouth! Maybe you fellers are on to something with this notion that we Southerners would take a shine to Senator Bradley as a VP nominee because we love jocks and he was a basketball star ("Pick One of Three," July 18 & 25). But basketball is kind of a sissy, yankee sport: they play it in their underwear. Now if the Democrats was to find themselves a football hero, say, a quarterback from North Carolina A & T, why I reckon they'd have the man to sweep Dixie, no matter how many times he kissed Castro.

JIM VEAL
Atlanta, Georgia

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

TRB, *from page 4*

provide useful, related information to be sure their answers were complete and accurate."

District Judge Gerhardt Gesell ruled that the prosecution was not fatally tainted and the trial could proceed, though he said the question could be reviewed again after any conviction. For myself, I'm glad I'm not a judge because I just can't decide. It's certainly clear that whatever tiny advantage the prosecutors may have gained from the testimony is far outweighed by the disadvantage of all the knots they tied themselves into while trying to avoid being influenced.

But the point for Ollie North fans like George Bush to keep in mind is that this dispute is over presumably accurate and presumably incriminating information. That's what the Fifth Amendment protects. An American criminal trial is less a venue of truth-seeking than it is an elaborate game in which the truth is only one, and often a minor, consideration.

And the game is never more elaborate than when in the hands of someone like North's lawyer, Brendan Sullivan of Williams and Connolly. The Fifth Amendment question alone has already generated a foot of documents. And this is only one of many promising avenues of delay and obfuscation defense lawyers are pursuing. Sullivan's mentor, Edward Bennett Williams, once remarked puckishly that the right to a speedy trial is the least-exercised right in the Constitution.

No other country in the world would give Oliver North so many opportunities to "get off on technicalities" that have nothing to do with whether he broke the law. If the ACLU is right and the North prosecution is thrown out on Fifth Amendment grounds, people like me will find it terribly frustrating that the Constitution should rescue someone who clearly holds its values in contempt. But we will also recognize that it is one of the glories of America that it allows such things to happen. And we'll recognize that the American Civil Liberties Union is helping to protect that glory. Even if we think that in this case or some other the ACLU goes too far, we're glad to have it around because we know that zealots keep the rest of us honest.

George Bush, by contrast, would like us to believe that there is something un-Texan, un-Kentuckian—you know what he's trying to say—downright un-American about the zealous, even excessive, concern for individual rights.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCANDIA

The Shoulder Bag For People On The Go!

ONLY $19.95

IT HOLDS *EVERYTHING!*

The Scandia is intelligently designed to hold all the books, paper, equipment and clothes you could ever need to carry.
There are even special pockets for all those little odds and ends that seem to get lost in ordinary bags. The sturdy canvas Scandia measures 14½" across, 11" deep, and 4" wide (the perfect size for an airplane carry-on), and has six inner and outer pockets. And for those times when you need a little extra space, just open the Scandia's inside zipper and the bag *expands to a full 8 inches in width!* No matter how much you pack into the Scandia, it will still be trim enough to carry comfortably.

IT'S EXTREMELY DURABLE.

As anyone who has ever owned a Scandia will testify, *this bag lasts for years.* The Scandia's high-quality canvas is water-resistant, color-fast, and scuff-proof. Its heavy duty zippers, piping, and snaps are well-made and extremely durable. And the Scandia will stay in style for years; its attractive, casual look goes as well with a business suit as it does with jeans and a sweater. And with six handsome colors to choose from, you might want to own more than one!

Clear vinyl window for schedule, photo, etc.
Adjustable straps secure top to bottom
Calculator case
Pencil & ruler pocket (ruler included)
2 full-depth inner pockets
Zipper lets bag expand to 8" width.
Full Width & depth outside pocket on back
Fully adjustable 2" wide canvas shoulder strap
Two 6" × 7" outer pockets

NOW ONLY $19.95

The Scandia's remarkable design makes it roomy enough to hold all your gear, yet trim enough to carry comfortably.

There's simply no other shoulder bag that's as lightweight, versatile, stylish, durable and affordable as the Scandia.

If you've shopped around for high-quality shoulder bags, briefcases, and purses, you're probably aware that most of these items cost at least $50. But, because we've made a mass purchase of Scandia bags, we are able to sell them at the remarkably low price of only $19.95 each. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a big capacity, smart-looking bag that will last for years.

With these six handsome colors to choose from, you're sure to find a Scandia to suit your taste.

BLACK GRAY BURGUNDY BLUE KHAKI BROWN

Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free
24 Hours – 7 Days a Week
1-800-228-3535
In Nebraska 1-800-642-9606

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

EXP DATE

SIGNATURE

DEPT. B213, 126 FIFTH AVE., NY, NY 10011

ITEM #	STYLE	QTY	TOTAL
#1377068	BLUE		
#1377027	BLACK		
#1377019	GRAY		
#1377035	BROWN		
#1377043	KHAKI		
#1377050	BURGUNDY		
	Merchandise Total		
	Add sales tax for deliveries to MA, PA, NY, NJ & MN.		
	Add $2.50 per bag ordered for shipping & insurance		
	ORDER TOTAL		

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

How To Be Plump

IT'S AROUND THIS time of year that offices like ours receive that annual compendium of crazy Americana, otherwise known as the fall book catalogs. Anyone who still adheres to the belief that America is becoming more homogeneous, that eccentricity is restricted to offshore European islands, and that U.S. culture is becoming as uniform as the chain stores of the malls in our local towns need only flip casually through these pages. Among the pack: a study of the sexuality of terrorism, the *Barbara Pym Cookbook* ("the appropriate accoutrements and preparations for 'Tea' in particular will be of use to the American reader who wishes to explore fully the British sensibility," explains the blurb), defiant advice on *How to Be Plump*, and those hardy perennials, books on cats. E. P. Dutton's catalog (no pun intended) features *Cat Condominiums and Other Feline Furniture, The Natural Cat Calendar 1989, Tales To Read Aloud To Your Cat, Cat Calls* (a directory of cat names with the comforting reassurance that "you no longer have to call your black cat 'Midnight' "), and a somewhat superfluous volume called *Cats Know Best*. But my favorite is a traveler's guide to Buddhist America. It promises "a practical comparative guide to Buddhist meditation centers"—a Sears catalog to Karma. It covers what it delicately calls "approximately 700 Theravada, Mahayana, and Vajrayana facilities." Child care available, of course. Only, as they say, in America.

I BRAVED THE contempt of my friends last week and ventured out to see *Bambi*, the Disney rerelease that is proving a hit once again at the box office. I was looking forward to a gentle, soothing, late afternoon relief from the Washington summer. Instead I was traumatized. As a psycho-sexual return to the horrors of early adolescence, it couldn't have been more effective. For the first half-hour, you're lulled into an agreeable sense of security and comfort. Birds twitter; small rabbits turn out to be great conversationalists. Pop is what Senator Moynihan would describe as an absent father, but Mom's there to make you feel OK in the odd thunderstorm. You make great friends, fool around on the ice, discover the meadow, generally mellow out. Then, without any particular warning, your mom gets shot, your voice breaks, huge growths start appearing on your head, and your peers start heading off into the clover with the apparent intention of having sex. Next thing you know, the forest burns down. If I were still eight, I think I'd prefer *Rambo III*.

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH depicted the wives of the Democratic ticket shaking hands in a receiving line. Kitty Dukakis appeared to be giving the standard straight-up grip. But from the photo it appeared that Beryl Ann Bentsen gave that irksome handshake that has gained favor in some circles: the hook. Perhaps it is better called the paw, or the claw. I'm not sure where this handshake originated, but it involves delivering an acutely cupped hand, sometimes palm facing down, and minimum skin contact. It looks like hanging something noisome out to dry. Although I'm told it avoids the pain of the bone crusher, sometimes aggravated by jagged rings, the hook is particularly unpleasant to receive. Is this sort of behavior now socially acceptable? Judith Martin, known to her public as "Miss Manners" of the *Washington Post*, supports the hook for hand-weary public figures. "Don't be too hard on them," she said. "It's not a form of social frigidity; it's a form of self-protection." However, Letitia Baldrige, editor of *The Amy Vanderbilt Complete Book of Etiquette*, backed me up. "It's just an apologetic, incorrect handshake," she said of the hook. "A handshake should be warm and friendly, a gentle clasp. The cupping of the hand is incorrect." She added, "A political wife has got to go out and shake it right."

I USUALLY DRIVE about 15 miles per hour above the speed limit, for the simple reason that it gets me places more quickly. Driving through rural North Carolina recently, I was struck by the sight of a shining new sign that read: "Speed Limit 65." I hadn't seen one of those since I was 11. It brought back a flood of memories: cardboard placards reading "Sorry, No Gas," the first appearance of matchbox-size imported cars on the roads, photographs of Arabs carting golf clubs across the desert in their native dress. It was the first, creeping sign of '70s nostalgia I can remember, a sure indication that the Democrats have a national mood swing on their side. Suddenly, worries about more people dying on the roads, more waste of our precious fossil fuels, and another notch upward in the greenhouse effect gripped my malaise-sodden mind. For the record, though, my instincts were still early Reaganite 1984. After a moment's doubt, I took the car up to 80.

EVER SINCE SUZY, the gossip queen of the *New York Post*, was caught writing up stories about parties she didn't attend, the practice of vicarious newspaper commentary is on the rise. It has reached a new peak in the debate over the movie *The Last Temptation of Christ*—a debate loud enough to make it to the cover of *Time*. *Temptation*, a Martin Scorsese film based on a novel, apparently depicts Jesus Christ with the sexual imagination of a mortal. Some religious leaders have seen the movie and thought it was fine, but no matter. Several evangelicals, in particular Bill Bright, president of Campus Crusade for Christ, have called for the destruction—by burning, preferably—of the film. They have even offered to buy it for just that purpose. The evangelicals have not seen the movie. Racing to their defense is columnist Pat Buchanan in the *Washington Times*, who condemned the film as "cinematic vandalism" and "a salacious, sleazy stunt." He hasn't seen it either, but this is a struggle over values that can't wait. Amy Schwartz, formerly of TNR and now with the *Washington Post*, came back a few days later with a rebuttal. She also hadn't seen the movie, but she comes at the brouhaha with the ultimate liberal trump card: she read the book. She thinks the movie will contribute greatly to theological debates. Unfortunately, the distributor, Universal Studios, is going to put an end to all of this elevated discussion. They're bringing out the movie a good month ahead of schedule to quell the furor. They want audiences to "draw their own conclusions based on fact, not fallacy." Have they no respect for the vitality of public discourse? How are we supposed to keep arguing, if the facts suddenly emerge? I was planning to join the fray with elaborate speculation of my own without shelling out six dollars for a ticket. But maybe I'll just protest Universal's action. I'll go see the movie, then say nothing.

TOWNSEND DAVIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARKANSAS • ILLINOIS • INDIANA • NEW YORK • OHIO
PENNSYLVANIA • TEXAS

YOU'VE MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO DO SOMETHING IMPORTANT FOR AMERICA

LTV salutes the delegates to the Democratic and Republican National Conventions from the states that are home to our various steel, energy and aerospace/defense operations. Each of these industries is vital to our nation's future, and in your states we have found the sort of positive operating environment that encourages excellence and productivity... the kind that makes all of us—our company, constituents and country—greater than we would otherwise be.

We appreciate the personal commitment to the democratic process you have shown as a delegate from one of these states—states which are important to LTV.

For a nightly convention update at both political conventions, tune in to "Convention Night in Review," made possible in part by LTV, on your local PBS station.

LTV The LTV Corporation

AEROSPACE/DEFENSE·ENERGY·STEEL

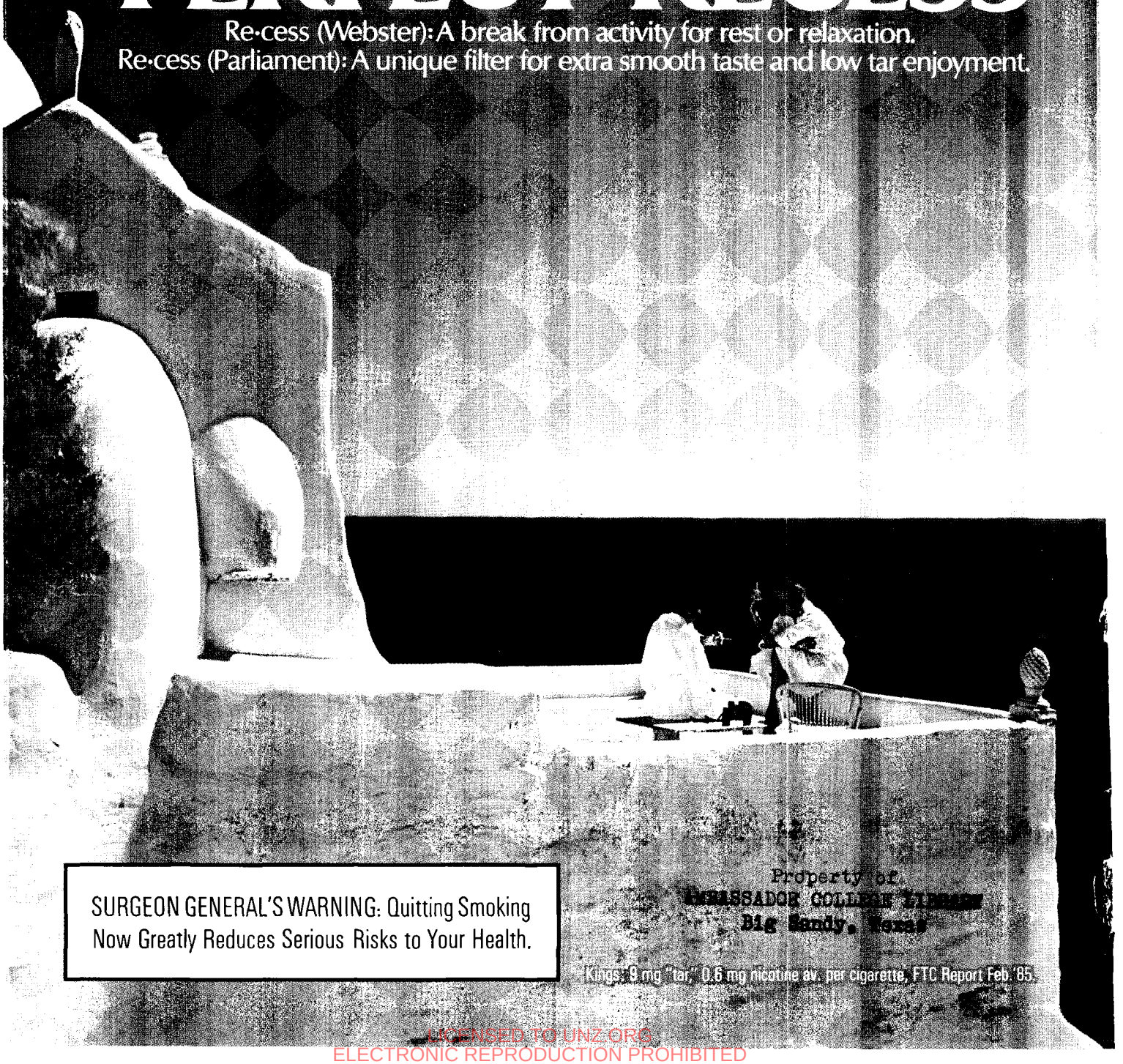
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Philip Morris Inc. 1988

PARLIAMENT
Lights

THE PERFECT RECESS

Re·cess (Webster): A break from activity for rest or relaxation.
Re·cess (Parliament): A unique filter for extra smooth taste and low tar enjoyment.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Kings: 9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED